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NEW FEATURES

Arrangements are being made for the publication of new and interesting special articles in the WEEKLY BLADE.

Announcements of these will be made as soon as plans are matured.

Poetry.

OUTSIDE THE FOLD.

[From Drake's Magazine.]

Weak and sinful as I am,
One hope I hold;
Jesus will not leave his lamb
Outside the fold.

Though I chance to slip or stray,
A wilful child,
Jesus' eye, by night or day,
Beholds me still.

He will save me yet from sin
And all its harms,
Holding, folding me within
His loving arms.

Though I blindly loose my way
In night and cold,
Jesus will not let me stay
Outside the fold.

EDWARD WILLETT.

(Written just before the author's death.)

Our Story Teller.

THE FLAXEN WIG.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.

Illustrated by the Blade.

PART I.

REDRODRICK ADRIAN of Emlyn Park, Surrey, was close on 50 when he determined to marry. Hitherto he had lived a life of much seclusion; though, as he was not morose, and on occasion could display a social disposition, he could not justly be considered a recluse. An ample patrimony, which he had inherited at an early age, had permitted him to lead a life of studious leisure. As he took a first-class when at Christ church, and had shown considerable debating powers at the Union, many of his friends had anticipated that he would attain to a distinguished place in public life; but he soon lost all taste for politics, and his retiring disposition kept him from taking an active part in any social or economical questions.

Mr. Adrian was a man of inexpensive habits, and by judicious investments his fortune had greatly accumulated, so that, naturally, as he advanced in years, thoughts regarding the ultimate disposal of his wealth sometimes occurred to him. It was probably in consequence of such meditations that he was suddenly seized by the regret that he had not married in early life. But when he was considering this question, it occurred to Mr. Adrian that he was not too old to repair the omission. Many men older than himself, he knew, had married happily and been blessed with desirable families. The result of these deliberations was that he thought fit to mention to several of his most intimate friends the probability of his entering the married state if he could find a suitable partner. Those who heard of his intention thought that great good fortune was in store for some lucky young lady, as Mr. Adrian, being only 49, was not outrageously old, and there could be no doubt that he must be enormously wealthy.

As soon as he had fully made up his mind to marry, perhaps as a natural consequence, Mr. Adrian suddenly began to be more particular about his personal appearance. Without being actually slovenly, he had long been somewhat neglectful in the matter of dress. This circumstance was the more remarkable because in his youth he had been something of a dandy. It was, therefore, the easier for him now to employ the good taste that had formerly distinguished his apparel. He found it a different matter, however, when he came to consider the chances which time had wrought in his personal appearance. So devoted had he been to his studious pursuits, and so careless of his looks, that it may be doubted if Mr. Adrian had ever before fully realized the fact that he was perfectly bald. With this one important exception, time had been rather indulgent to him than otherwise. He was erect, and his step was still elastic; he was free from bodily complaint; his teeth were sound, and his complexion was fresh and retained much of the ruddiness of youth. It was probably Mr. Adrian's comparative ignorance of the world that led him to take an exaggerated view of his chief defect, causing him to believe that it might prove a serious obstacle in the eyes of the lady on whom his choice might fall. Certainly no man in his circumstances, whose knowledge of the world was extensive, would have been likely to entertain such an opinion.

It was while ingenuously musing upon the disadvantages under which he would labor on entering the matrimonial market that Mr. Adrain bethought him of procuring a wig. It is a singular fact that men and women of the utmost probity in all the other affairs of life have no compunction in cheating each other about themselves, even although they are aware that the deceit must ultimately be detected.

The first time he was in London Mr. Adrian accordingly went to his barber and stated his wishes. The barber replied that he would be pleased to make the article he required, but, if he did not mind some additional expense, a wig could be procured for him from a celebrated purruquier in Paris superior to any that could be made in London. Mr. Adrian said that in a matter such as this excellence was the point chiefly to be considered. Measurements were accordingly taken of his head, and memoranda made respecting his complexion and the color of his whiskers. Then he was told that in about three weeks the wig would arrive from Paris, and would, if approved, be at once forwarded to him. The barber added that if any minute alterations were required he would be pleased to make them, though, such was the skill of the Parisian artist, there was little doubt that the wig would fit perfectly and give great satisfaction.

Mr. Adrian's present state of mind may be judged by the fact that during the next few weeks he awaited, with impatience, the arrival of the wig. Only a few days after the stated time he received it. When he first opened the box in which it was, it appeared to him to be of too light a shade; but this opinion was soon altered when he tried on the wig, and observed the metamorphosis which he underwent. The change wrought in his appearance was simply marvellous. The wig fitted like a glove, and—to use another rather hackneyed phrase—detection was impossible.

Mr. Adrian was one of these fair, smooth-complexioned men, who, provided they keep their hair upon their heads, retain a youthful appearance till far in middle age. Hitherto he had looked every day of his years, but now he might readily have passed for 29. Irrespective of the improvement which it wrought in him, the wig was a marvel of skill and also of beauty. The hair, instead of having a stiff, set appearance, as is usual, fell in natural curves, and was crisp and soft as when it grew. Notwithstanding the lightness of the shade, it seemed to accord perfectly with his slight whiskers. He was naturally elated by the striking change produced in his appearance, so that Mr. Adrian not only looked but felt young again.

The fact that he intended to marry had circulated among his friends, and suddenly a shower of invitations fell upon him. Those who had marriageable daughters could scarcely be said to be disinterested in the hospitality which they proffered; but there were others, chiefly middle-aged matrons, who out of sheer kindliness of heart asked Mr. Adrian to their houses, with the intention of aiding him to get a wife, urged also, it may be, by a feminine desire to have a finger in so promising a matrimonial pie. Mr. Adrian would doubtless have accepted one or more of these invitations, and his marriage in due course would have followed in an orthodox and commonplace fashion but for the singular events which now took place, and which were fated to change his destiny.

PART II.

The day following that on which Mr. Adrian began to wear his wig, after he had lunched, contrary to his wont he felt rather drowsy, and sitting down in an arm chair in his library he fell asleep.

He slept for more than an hour, and, on awaking, his face had an almost ecstatic expression of happiness On catching sight of himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece Mr. Adrain thanked heaven that he was still young enough to enjoy what Victor Hugo has called "the honey of life." It was evident by his radiant look that something unusual had occurred. The fact is that Mr Adrian had just had a most remarkable dream. Nothing he had ever dreamt before had appeared so vivid and real, or had made upon him so intense an impression, or, it may be added, had filled his heart with such blissful emotions.

Taking into account the nature of the thoughts which were occupying so many of his wakeful hours, it was no more than natural that when asleep he should dream of a lady. But it was no ordinary evanescent vision that had appeared to Mr. Adrian—indeed, no one whom he had ever met in real life had impressed him so strongly, and he did not doubt that in some mysterious fashion he had beheld the counterpart of an actually existing person. The place in which she had appeared to him seemed to be a ball room in some stately edifice, but amid the splendor of the scene he had been attracted only by her voice and features, which remained indelibly fixed on his mind. So vivid was the impression that he not only believed that the lovely being whom he had seen had real existence, but hoped that one day, with vigilant though entranced senses, he should watch the play of her sympathetic features, and listen to the music of her voice.

Mr. Adrian's life entered a new phase. No more was he troubled with regrets that he had not married earlier, for in that case he might never have found his ideal. The lady who had appeared in his dream seemed to be about 25, and it was with satisfaction that he told himself he was not yet too old to win her heart.

On the following day, at the same time, he had a similar dream. By night, to his regret, he slept as usual. It was clear to him that the lady who occupied nearly all his wakeful moments, and whom he often saw more plainly still when he was asleep, was a person of high rank. The place where he oftenest saw her was a room or hall such as could only belong to some princely dwelling; her appearance and manners were aristocratic; the people among whom she moved had a high-born air, and all her surroundings were of a corresponding nature. Mr. Adrian congratulated himself on the fact that his own descent and fortune did not render him an ineligible match, even for one who plainly moved in an elevated station. There was one remarkable peculiarity about the dreams, which was that their scene never seemed to be in England; the dress, too, and surroundings were undoubtedly foreign, though of what nationality they might be, Mr. Adrain had not sufficient knowledge to determine.

Sometimes the dreams took an exquisite variation. Once he seemed to be walking in a forest with her whom he now deemed his own, for, if he could read her eyes aright, she had given him her heart. They were alone, and hand in hand went beneath the shadows of tall trees. At last they reached an opening in the wood, and beneath them, on a fertile slope, could be seen the outlines of a great chateau, while all the landscape seemed bathed in a mystic light, as though it had been painted by Poussin or Claude Lorraine.

It has been said that Mr. Adrian did not doubt that there was a human counterpart of his visionary love, and ere long he resolved to exert himself in order to find her. He was prepared to spare neither time, labor, nor money in conducting his search. He often regretted that he had no artistic skill, and was, therefore, unable to portray the lovely features imprinted on his heart, as he believed that if he had a portrait it would soon be recognized, seeing that it was impossible for so much beauty to remain unfamed.

One afternoon when, contrary to his wont, he felt no inclination to sleep, a singular circumstance happened, which influenced him as though it had been a direct entreaty to lose no more time ere he began his quest. This afternoon Mr. Adrian had entered his conservatory and cut a few of his choicest flowers, which, he told himself, he would have taken delight in presenting to the object of his affections. Before putting the flowers in a vase he laid them on a small table in his library, and left the room for several minutes. On his return, as he opened the door, he distinctly heard a sigh from within, and on entering he found that the flowers had been moved, though the room was empty, and it was impossible that any one could have entered during his absence unnoticed by him. Mr. Adrian was much perturbed by this incident, and felt almost as if he had been reproached for his dilatoriness in beginning his search; but he now resolved to delay no longer, and he was prepared, if necessary, to seek through every country of the world her whom he was eager to find, and he had determined not to cease till he was successful.

HAND IN HAND BENEATH THE SHADOW OF TALL TREES.

PART III.

The evening before his departure Mr. Adrian invited the Rev. Thomas Charlton to dine with him. He made Mr. Charlton's acquaintance at Christ church, and when the living of Fairmile fell vacant he presented it to his old college friend. Though no estrangement had arisen between squire and parson, during the last few years there had been much less social intercourse than at one time. When calling at the vicarage a few weeks before this, Mr. Adrian had communicated with some diffidence to Mr. Charlton and his wife the tidings that he was contemplating marriage, and they were both overjoyed to learn the fact.

There was, of couse, no ceremony between the old college friends, and when Mr. Charlton received a request in the morning to dine at the Manor House that evening, he at once accepted the invitation, and sent a message to his curate to inform the members of an industrial society in connection with it, which was to have been held that night, would be postponed till the next.

It was easy for Mr. Charlton to perceive during dinner a change for the better in his host's manner, which reminded him more than once of the early days of their friendship. Mr. Adrian was also rejuvenated by the wig, so that the clergyman was, on the whole, slightly bewildered by the new character in which his patron appeared to him. It was only natural that Mr. Adrian should be elated, because now, on the eve of his departure, he did not doubt that fortune, which had excited his hopes in a manner so singular, would also guide him to their realization, bringing him a happiness far beyond the highest expectations of his past life.

After dinner Mr. Adrian informed his guest that he was going away next morning with the object of bringing about, if possible, the important matter of which he had recently spoken to him. "I hope," added Mr. Adrian, "that when I next see you there will be reason for you to congratulate me."

"So you are off to-morrow—Coelebs in search of a wife!" laughed the vicar; "I envy you. You must feel, and indeed you look, young again. I trust," continued the vicar, in a more earnest tone, "that you will make a choice which will greatly contribute to your happiness and comfort. There are many ladies, now——"

"I have already chosen," interrupted Mr. Adrian; "there is only one lady in the world whom I can desire to be my wife."

The vicar looked at his host in surprise. It was only about two weeks before that he heard Mr. Adrian express with much diffidence the difficulties he expected to encounter in finding a suitable partner, and he had not been from home since then. It was scarcely possible, the vicar thought, that Mr. Adrian could meanwhile have fallen in love with any of the young ladies in the parish, not certainly because they were destitute of attractions, but because he had seen them all grow up from their infancy. Mr. Adrian had just told him that he was about to leave home in connection with his marriage.

"Let us have a cigar, Charlton," said Mr. Adrian, noticing his guest's perplexed look. They then went to the library together, and, standing by the fire, Mr. Adrian told the astonished vicar all about the dreams and visions that had recently been haunting him. Mr. Charlton was a thoroughly practical man, with no superstition about him and very little imagination. His surprise kept him silent for several minutes after Mr. Adrian finished speaking; the vicar's eyes were bent upon the floor, and he seemed to avoid looking at his host.

At last he said, "The only tangible matter you have related—I mean the only thing which may not be accounted for naturally—is what you have told me about the flowers. Now I think that when you opened the door a current of air, especially if one of the windows was up, might explain the sound you heard."

"A window was open," returned Mr. Adrian; "but you surely give me credit for the ability to distinguish between the sound of a rush of wind and a human sigh!"

"At all events," suggested the vicar in a mollifying tone, "might not an air blowing from the window account for the disturbance of the flowers?"

"No," was the curt reply; and then Mr Adrian continued, "I know the difference between wind-scattered flowers and flowers that have been tenderly handled, and perchanced caressed." Mr. Charlton glanced at the speaker furtively, and again bent his eyes upon the floor. He was silent, but his host's words had evidently impressed him deeply.

"What is your opinion regarding what I have told you?" asked Mr. Adrian. "My reasons for taking you into my confidence was that I might ask your advice."

"You are imposing a difficult and somewhat delicate task upon me," replied the vicar.

"Give me your candid opinion," said Mr. Adrian; "I start to-morrow on my search for the lady who has thus mysteriously manifested herself. Do you think that my difficulty in finding her will be great?"

"For our old friendship's sake, no less than because I think it is my duty, I shall tell you what I think, even at the risk of offending you."

"That is what I wish; and do not fear that I shall take offense, provided you tell me the truth."

"Very good. You must pardon me, then, if I tell you that I believe you to be laboring under an hallucination, which is doubtless due not only to your solitary mode of life, but to the momentous step which you have lately been contemplating, and which has naturally been occupying much of your thoughts."

"In other words," observed Mr. Adrian coolly, "you think that I am not perfectly sane."

"Not precisely that," said the vicar, withdrawing his eyes from his host, and once more fixing them on the floor; "you misapprehend my meaning. On general matters, I am confident that you are as sane as I am; but you must excuse me for thinking that one point—I refer to the fair sex—you are at present, perhaps, just a little—not so sensible, I might say, as could be wished."

Mr. Adrian inclined his head and smiled sardonically, but the vicar was not looking at him, and proceeded:

"You have asked my advice and you shall have it. No harm has occurred yet, but such fancies as those you have narrated to me, in my opinion, indicate some degree of weakness in the constitution, and one hallucination, I understand, often leads to another. So, ere the matter goes any further, I strongly recommend you to consult some eminent specialist, who will doubtless benefit you by his advice."

"In other words, you advise me to go to a 'mad doctor.'"

"Not exactly that. But there are certain physicians who have devoted their lives to mental ailments and peculiarities, and you might derive benefit from their advice and treatment."

"May I ask if you have noticed any other peculiarities besides that to which you have already alluded?"

The vicar glanced involuntarily at the wig, and then replied in a hesitating fashion:

"I have observed nothing, unconnected with the matter which is at present so greatly concerning you, which could possibly call for any remark."

"I am obliged to you. And to prove that I have taken in good part what you have said, I intend to follow your advice. I told you that I intended to leave this to-morrow, and I shall now go straight to Paris and consult Dr. Lionnet."

Mr. Charlton thought that this announcement was only an additional proof of his patron's eccentricity, for why, he asked himself, should Mr. Adrian go to Paris, seeing that there were several eminent specialists close at hand in London?

Of course it cannot be a pleasant thing to converse with one who has the impression that your mind is affected, as little that it is said in these circumstances is likely to influence the hearer favorably. So Mr. Adrian—who was never saner in his life—under the plea of his early departure on the morrow, gave his guest a hint that he would like him to leave, and Mr. Charlton accordingly went home at an unusually early hour.

Next day Mr Adrian carried out the intention which he had stated to Mr. Charlton, and after spending several hours in town he left for Paris by the night mail. He had appeared to acquiesce very readily in the vicar's suggestion, but the reasons which had prompted him to go to Paris were quite unconnected with Mr. Charlton's opinions. Mr. Adrian knew that the celebrated French physician had carried his researches into many strange channels connected with the human mind, so he hoped that Dr. Lionnet might at least be able to furnish him with some explanation of the phenomena that had been manifested to himself, if not to provide him with some clew that would aid him in his search. Another cause—even more potent than the other—that brought Mr. Adrian to Paris was the fact that the scenes with which his dreams had familiarized him had apparently been located in France, and it was in that country he believed he would find the object of his affections.

PART IV.

Mr. Adrian was an accomplished linguist, and had no difficulty in explaining his case to the great physician in fluent and idiomatic French. The doctor, however, who knew a little English, on discovering the nationality of his patient, resolved to speak to him in his own language, that there might be no possibility of being misunderstood.

Dr. Lionnet, on hearing Mr. Adrian's story, was evidently of the same opinion of Mr. Charlton, for spanning Mr. Adrian's head with two fingers, he asked him if he ever felt a sensation of tightness at the places indicated. Then, before his patient had time to reply, the physician exclaimed in surprise, "Why, monsieur wears a veeg!"

So perfect was the deception that it had escaped the physician's notice till, by the pressure of his fingers, he felt the scalp slipping on Mr. Adrian's smooth cranium.

Mr. Adrian assented, and in reply to the question, "How long has monsieur worn the veeg?" he replied, "about a month."

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor significantly, while he kept his fingers still spanning Mr. Adrian's head; "and probably this is the first veeg monsieur has ever worn, though he has been belt for years?"

Mr. Adrian was forced to admit the truth of the conjecture.

"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor again, "the veeg has given heat to monsieur's brains and caused them to ferment. *Voila!*" and with these words the autocratic man of science, with a deft and rapid movement of his hand, plucked the wig from Mr. Adrian's head and ere he could be prevented threw it into the fire.

THREW IT INTO THE FIRE.

So inflammable did the wig prove that it blazed up almost as quickly as gunpowder, and disappeared with similar rapidity.

As it vanished a very audible sigh fell upon Mr. Adrian's ears. "Did you hear that?" he asked, appealing to the physician, while his face had a disturbed expression.

"Monsieur will hear and see no more," was the reply; "for now his brains will be cool."

Without saying more, Mr. Adrian drew himself up stiffly, and laid a handsome fee upon the table. He then bade the physician a haughty adieu, and left the consulting room.

He was excessively grieved at the loss of his wig, which he had grown to value greatly; but he felt no inclination to get another.

He told himself that he was only justly punished for acting upon the vicar's advice. He was soon, however, forced to admit that the physician's prognostications had turned out correct, as no more, either when asleep or awake, did he meet with any of his recent experiences. But still the lovely face he had seen remained indelibly fixed on his mind. For several weeks he lived aimlessly in Paris, and though he believed as firmly as ever that he some day must find her who was occupying most of his thoughts, he seemed to lack the energy, or to be at a loss for a method, to enter upon his search. Sometimes, when in a picture gallery, or at the theater, and even on the boulevards, he would look round as if in search of some one whom he expected to see.

Among his other pursuits Mr. Adrian collected curios of various kinds, especially favoring cameos and medallions. He was passing one day a small shop in a rather obscure quarter, when noticing several antiques in the window he entered, in the hope of finding something worth adding to his collection. While examining the various articles exposed for sale Mr. Adrain suddenly uttered an exclamation of mingled astonishment and joy. He was holding in his hand a small and exquisitely painted enamel, a portrait of the beautiful face which he had come from England to seek.

"Who is this?" he inquired with an effort, for his voice seemed to come from one who was scant of breath.

"I do not know," replied the dealer; "but monsieur will see that the portrait is very fine The price is 200 francs." Mr. Adrian at once paid the money. It was a moderate sum for so exquisite a work of art; but had ten times as much been asked the price would have been paid without demur. Mr. Adrian knew nothing about enamels, and, after he had looked for son e time with rapt gaze, he said:

"How did it fall into your hands?"

"It was sold to me by a woman whom I do not know."

"Do you possess no information about it at all?"

"None. But I can give monsieur the address of a connoisseur who at least will be able to tell the artist," and the man then named one of the chief dealers in articles of vertu in Paris, from whom Mr. Adrian had frequently made purchases, and who was, therefore, known to him. He at once hurried to the shop.

"It is by Decazet, and very valuable," said the connoisseur, as soon as he had seen the enamel.

"Where shall I find that artist?" asked Mr. Adrian, as though he were again breathless.

"Find Decazet! In his grave, monsieur. Decazet has been dead for a hundred years."

"A hundred years!" exclaimed Mr. Adrian, repeating words that had fallen upon his heart like heavy weights and crushed it.

"If it is to know whose portrait this is that monsieur wishes, I can tell that without troubling the shade of Decazet. The portrait has passed through my hands, though not by the same artist. The lady was the daughter of the Duc de Castres. He fled from France at the time of the great revolution, but what became of his daughter was never known, for ere his flight she suddenly disappeared."

Without speaking another word, and with a face of utter blank despair, Mr. Adrian left the shop Acting almost involuntarily, and scarcely knowing what he did, he went straight to the shop of the perruquier from whom his wig had been procured. On the account which had been sent to him from London the French barber was named, so he knew where to go.

"I am come," said Mr. Adrian to the perruquier, "to make some inquiries regarding a wig that was made by you and sent to London two months ago."

"A flaxen-colored perruque made for an English milord?"

"It was made for me. I wish to know where the hair came from of which it was made."

The barber shrugged his shoulders, but did not attempt to reply.

"I said what appeared to me to be a very high price for it," said Mr. Adrian; "but I will willingly give you the same amount again if you can tell me its history."

"Very good. The bargain is made. Monsieur has rightly conjectured that a strange history pertains to that perruque. First, then, monsieur must know that the hair was that of a lady. The very beautiful hair was stained, and had, therefore, unfortunately, to be cut short, and so was suitable only for a purpose such as that for which it was used. The stains were unfortunate, or the hair would have fetched ten times the price charged to monsieur. Such beautiful hair to be stained!"

"Stained! How?"

"*With blood*, monsieur," replied the barber, lowering his voice.

Mr. Adrian said nothing; and, after a pause, the speaker continued:

"My family have been perruquiers for three generations. The hair of which monsieur's perruque was made was found with much more in a box belonging to my grandfather, which, supposed to be valueless, had long been stored away as lumber. When opened at last it was found to be full of hair, most of which was attached to the scalp. The hair of monsieur's perruque was still rooted in the natural scalp. All the hair in that box was very fine, and of great value. It was the hair of some of the noble ladies of France who perished by the guillotine."

* * * * *

Mr. Adrian will never marry. But of late he has grown more genial and kindly hearted. Among his numerous eccentricities is the reverential regard which he bestows upon a beautiful enamel that hangs above his writing-table in his library. Many who have seen him looking at this portrait, and who are aware that it was painted more than 100 years ago, have thought that it must remind him of some one whom he has known.

Our New Temperance and Religious Serial.

THE FOLLETT CURSE;

A TALE OF AMERICAN LIFE OF TO-DAY.

THE BLADE'S $2,500 STORY.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE "FOLLETT CURSE" OF DRUNKENNESS.

HARRY had discretion enough left, even in his state of semi-intoxication, to realize that he could not afford to make a spectacle of himself in a friend's house, and on such an occasion. So he sullenly assented to his wife's wishes, and after making their adieux, left the gay scene and proceeded homeward. He felt angry at Milly—a sort of dull, unreasoning anger, which sometimes comes to us when we are detected in some unworthy deed by those who are nearest and who should be dearest to us. He felt indignant that his wife had insisted on his leaving; yet he knew perfectly well that it was the wisest thing to be done.

As for Milly herself, she walked homeward by his side in absolute silence. She was proud by nature, and to have her husband thus humiliate himself and herself in public carried a keen sting. Above all things, Milly abhorred the idea of being an object of pity to any one. Then, too, she considered intoxication as a vulgar vice, and had never been able to understand how a man of education and of gentle breeding could possibly yield himself a captive to the coarse fascinations of liquor. Her moral code as regarded intoxicants was a severe one. No man, she assumed, ever drank without desiring to reach at least the earlier stages of intoxication; and a man in that condition was an unspeakably repulsive creature to her. Her hand rested on her husband's arm as they walked along the street, but she kept as far away from him as she well could, loathing even the light touch upon his arm. It was a contamination to her.

She of course did not understand the real facts in the case. Disliking the taste of all intoxicants, even of wine, she could not understand that fierce thirst which tyrannizes the physical system of a man who has passed under the domination of rum. She did not know that the body becomes the bond-thrall of the subtle spirit of the wine-cup, nor could she understand that terrible craving for alcoholic stimulus that can be compared to nothing save the thirst that tormented the soul of the rich man as he looked across the "great gulf fixed" and cried out to Abraham to send Lazarus to put water upon his parched tongue because of his awful torment of thirst amid the encircling flame. To her it was but a vulgar yielding to an ignoble appetite—a prostitution of all that is highest and holiest in manhood for the sake of an hour or two of feverish, ill-remembered exaltation.

Poor girl! She knew nothing of the terrible evil of heredity. She was ignorant of the fact that the vices of the parent can be and are impressed upon their descendants, and may become hereditary for generations. She was familiar with the awful enunciation of Jehovah, amid the thunderings and lightnings of Sinai, declaring the "visiting of the iniquities of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation;" but she never thought of connecting this with the vice of drunkenness, nor did she recall the fact that Colonel Follett, her husband's father, was a perfect dare-devil in his cups, and such a slave to strong drink that his death was amid all the horrors of delirium, and his last breath went out cursing the gibbering phantoms of devils and unclean animals and reptiles that he imagined swarmed around his bed.

The fact was that Harry Follett was the victim to some extent of his father's vice. The taste for liquor was born in him. His nervous system had in it a pathological bias which expressed itself in a craving for stimulus. He worked best when he had just imbibed enough liquor to send the blood bounding through every vein. His speeches, whether in court or on the stump, were always more effective, more pointed, when they were delivered under the stimulus of drink. His mental processes were slow unless, as he phrased it, he "got up steam"—and to do this he would drink.

There are those who go too far in teaching this doctrine of heredity. That it is true that children are born into the world with the curse of inherited alcoholism upon them from intemperate ancestors, can not be disputed; but it does not follow that deliverance is hopeless, and that such a person must necessarily succumb to the inherited curse. The temptation to drink can be resisted, and successfully, even in such persons, if they have the stamina to do so. And we believe that there is nothing that will so fortify the whole nature against the cravings of this unnatural appetite as a deep and true religious faith. Before it even Satan is powerless; and if the Prince of Evil himself is vanquished, how much more easily may his emissaries and agents be!

The silence remained unbroken until their home was reached. Milly dropped into a chair with a sigh of relief, while Harry stood regarding her, his handsome face flushed with his potations, and a dark frown upon his brow.

Milly's cloak dropped from her shoulders, exposing the snowy, glistening roundness, and the soft swell of her figure, the flawless purity of the skin accented by the dark, rich color of the dress she wore. She sat with downcast eyes, waiting for him to speak, yet dreading it—for she feared coarse reproach in his present condition. But the frown gradually cleared from his brow as he gazed first admiringly, then passionately, upon her lovely person. Making a swift step forward to her side, he bent suddenly downward and, clasping her in his arms, imprinted hot kisses upon her neck and bosom.

To his wife, in her present mental state, his kisses were profanation. She struggled to free herself, her whole soul suddenly rising in protest against his very touch, and her very flesh shrinking from the hot contact of his lips as from the touch of a scorpion. But Harry held her by simple brute strength in spite of her struggles. With frantic desperation she struck him on the cheek with all her strength. Harry's reeling arms loosened their hold; he drew back, the angry blood deepening in his face.

Milly sprang to her feet, her whole frame vibrating with mingled emotions of disgust and indignation.

"Well, what's the matter now, you little tiger-cat?" demanded Harry, half in anger and half in jest, as he smoothed his hand over the cheek that still stung from the sharp contact of her palm

"How dare you?" demanded she, breathlessly.

"How dare I *what?* Cannot I kiss my wife without a theatrical rehearsal?"

"Not when you are in liquor, Harry! How dare you touch me when you are intoxicated?"

"You looked so pretty that I couldn't help it."

"You mean that your passions, stimulated by wine, impelled you! It is an outrage to offer to make me a minister to such vile promptings, Harry!"

"Nonsense, Milly! Drop your high tragedy airs, and be reasonable! Are you not my wife? And isn't a man to kiss his wife?"

"Not without her consent, Harry—at least not against her will, and when the contact of his drunken lips make her shudder with loathing!"

"Come, come, Milly! That's too much! One would suppose that I had committed an unpardonable offense!"

"Not unpardonable, Harry! But one that I am sure you will be ashamed of to-morrow when you are yourself again!"

"Foolish girl! Why, I am myself this moment as much as I ever was in my life"

"No you are not, Harry! When you are your own true self, you are a gentleman; but now you are a satyr inflamed with wine!"

Her merciless words cut him like a scourge. "Indeed!" he retorted sarcastically, smarting under the lash, "it was not always that you imitated the coldness of the virgin goddess Dianal The night you and I eloped you were not so chary of your kisses, my lady!"

Milly shrunk at the coward stab, and a deadly pallor came over her face. Without a word she left the room, darting a glance of contempt at her husband as she passed him. He heard her pass up stairs to their bedroom, enter and lock the door.

"Locked out, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "Who would have dreamed Milly was such a spitfire? Well, as I am in disgrace, I might as well have as much fun out of it as possible, till Milly relents."

Quietly ascending the staircase he changed his coat for a rough one that he was in the habit of wearing on his campaigning tours, and then, noiselessly leaving the house, he started down street.

Milly's composure broke down as soon as she was alone. She threw herself prone on the bed and gave way to a storm of tears. Had she really been deceived in her husband? Was he, after all, only a coarse, brutish man, with a veneering of politeness and chivalry? Had the liquor he drank only caused him to show the base material of which he was made?

"Oh, no, no! Oh, Harry, Harry!" And again she gave way to a second outburst of grief and wounded pride.

Slowly the weary hours passed. Little Jack slept the sweet sleep of innocent childhood in his little crib by her bedside, and as she again and again bent over him to gaze on his baby face, the strong likeness to his father recalled to Milly that here was a living bond between them for whose sake she must bear with her husband. As she watched the sleeping child, tender memories of the past came trooping up. She recalled the thousand happy hours she had passed with Harry, and her forgiving woman's heart cried out:

"No, no, Harry! I did not mean it! It is the devil that is in liquor that transforms you from your true, noble self into a—beast!"

It was two hours later when Harry Follett came stumbling up the street, far more under the influence of liquor than he had been when he left. Steadying himself by holding to the door-knob, he unlocked the door with his night key. After closing it on entering, he stumbled unsteadily up the stairs into another room, without even trying the lock of his wife's door, and was speedily lost in a stupid alcoholic slumber.

CHAPTER XX.

"BUTTERED WATERMELON."

ENNIE ANDREWS sat the next morning chatting with Anna Pearce. Jennie had a hint, before Mrs. Follett had left the party on the previous evening, of the secret of the latter's distress; and divining that Milly would far sooner be alone with her husband than otherwise, had whispered to Mrs. Follett that she would take Anna home to spend the night with herself, just before Harry and his wife departed.

"Anna, what do you think of Mr. Danforth?" inquired Jennie, as the congenial pastime of discussing all their friends and acquaintances went on.

"He is very handsome," was the reply. "I like him very much."

"Do you really, Anna? Why, you and I agree on so many things, don't we!" returned Jennie with vivacity. "I wonder if we agree in an estimate of Mr. Morris, too?"

"I don't know, I am sure. What do you think of him?"

"I would sooner you should tell me your opinion first. You have known him far longer than I."

"He has been always very kind to me," Anna went on, "and I hardly know how I should have done without him."

"Ah, you sly little puss! I am afraid you mean a great deal more than your words express!"

"I? What can you mean?"

"I really don't wish to pry into your secrets, Anna—but haven't you a warmer feeling for the gentleman than mere friendship?"

"A warmer feeling? I think he has been a very, very good friend to me—that is all."

"Are you sure you don't love him a little bit, Anna?"

"Not the kind of love you mean, at any rate, Jennie."

"Anna Pearce, you don't know how glad I am to hear you say so. But did it never strike you that he loves you?"

The girl looked up, startled. "I never dreamed of such a thing! What on earth could have made you think so?"

"Why, what but his conduct? He has been staying here for weeks, with no business, so far as any one can tell; he calls at the house where you are visiting regularly; he is an unmarried man, isn't he? What keeps him in Doncaster? What causes his attentions to you, if he is not in love with you?"

Anna looked embarrassed, and a faint blush rose to her face. "You don't understand, Jennie," she interrupted, "that he really has some business in Doncaster connected with my property. He is my guardian. You know I am not yet of age."

"Your guardian?" echoed Jennie. "Well, he is certainly the most attentive guardian I ever saw! In point of fact, he is a regular Cerberus, guarding the golden garden of the Hesperides! Why, last night it was as plain as the nose on my face—and that is certainly conspicuous enough," she put in parenthetically, giving a quizzical glance at the maligned feature's reflection in the mirror opposite, "that he manœuvred to keep the young men away from you! Now there was Tom Spurgeon, evidently in danger of being smitten, and endeavoring to get as many dances as possible, but Mr. Morris outwitted him so shrewdly that Tom half imagined it was your own doing instead of Morris's!"

"Do you really think that his attentions meant anything more than a friendly effort to have me, a stranger, enjoy myself?" asked Anna, thoughtfully wrinkling her brow as she recalled the events of the past evening.

"Certainly I do! Why, if he had only been looking out for your pleasure, he would have endeavored to keep a flock of young men around you, instead of driving them away that he might monopolize you himself!"

"I am very sorry," Anna began, the look of perplexity deepening in her face.

"Sorry for what? That he didn't give the boys a fair show? Or that he is evidently in love with you himself?"

"Have you any idea that any one else beside yourself imagines that—that—"

"That he is in love with you? Oh, yes! I heard several remarks of that sort last night. His attentions were entirely too monopolistic to allow one to reach any other conclusion. Yes, Miss Anna; Mr. Morris may be your guardian, but he is also aspiring to you hand."

"You really and truly believe he wants to—to marry me?"

"Of course I do! Don't put on such a distressed look, Anna! You don't have to marry him unless you are willing, you know!"

"Yes, but—but I would sooner he didn't think of me in that way."

"Now, honor bright, Anna! If he should propose to you, what would you say?"

"I should say no."

"And wouldn't that 'no' mean 'yes' after while?" "Leave" the chorus of the audience. He pitched his voice higher, but the cry was repeated. Annoyed, Harry stepped forward, to get nearer his audience. He began to speak, staggered, and would have fallen had not his friends caught him. He was placed in a seat, and the chairman of the meeting stepped forward to calm the excitement and confusion. After rapping vigorously for order, he began:

"Fellow-citizens: I am sorry to say that the fatigue attending the unparalleled amount of work our friend, Mr. Follett, has been doing for the cause within the past few days has been too much for him. He is too industrious, and—"

"He's drunk!" yelled some one in the crowd.

One who had been in the party that afternoon, leaped to his feet and shouted in stentorian tones:

"He isn't! He only ate too much buttered watermelon!" This silly speech of a half-drunken man was received with wild shouts and rounds of cheers, amid which Harry was bundled into a carriage and driven to the hotel. Everybody was curious to know what was meant by the phrase, "buttered watermelon," and soon the events of the afternoon became common property. There were several newspaper correspondents present, representing daily papers of the opposite political party, and they telegraphed out accounts of the meeting in which great prominence was given to the "buttered watermelon" episode, and the state was ringing with the occurrence by Monday morning.

Lest any one, happily not familiar with the vagaries of intoxicated men, should give undue credit to the author's inventive faculty, he begs to assure the reader that the "buttered watermelon" episode is historic in the political annals of Ohio.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Meanwhile Mr. Morris, in blissful ignorance that he was the subject of conversation between the two girls, was seated in Harry Follett's office, where the latter was busy arranging for some minor matters during his absence on a campaigning tour.

"I didn't expect to go until a week hence," explained Harry, replying to a query, "but I received an urgent request from the state committee this morning asking me to go at once and fill some new appointments they have been compelled to make. It is very awkward, as Danforth is away also. He had some business to attend to, and seized the opportunity to be absent while I should be at home. However, we must do the best we can. The campaign is drawing to a close, and I suppose I must count on putting in almost every day between now and the election."

Harry was secretly pleased at the imperative call of the state committee. That morning he had felt thoroughly ashamed of the scene of the preceding evening, and as he met Milly at the breakfast table his heart smote him as he looked at her pale face, with dark rings under the eyes. No allusion had been made by either to the previous night's events; but Harry felt that a week's absence would enable him to return and pick up the thread of the old home life much easier than he could do so were he to remain and meet his wife constantly.

"By the way, Morris," said Harry, looking up from the letter he was writing, "how did you get on with Miss Anna last evening after we left? Mrs. Follett had a severe headache, and we were compelled to leave early."

"I endeavored to make the occasion as pleasant as possible, both to her and to myself," answered Morris. "The girl is a puzzle to me in some respects; in point of fact, women are a puzzle at best. I sometimes think that she understands what my attentions mean, and then again it seems to me that she accepts them as she would from—"

"From a father, for instance!" interrupted Harry, with a quizzical look.

"A brother—an elder brother. I was about to remark; I fear that she regards me as a brother, not as a lover."

"

Recent Literature.

SOME WELL WORTH READING.

Letters of Motley, the Historian—Constitutional Government in Spain—The Story of Washington—The Slaves of Folly—April Magazines—Literary Notes.

A well written letter about men and things, is always a pleasure to read, and when it concerns a period that is past, it becomes doubly interesting. Time was when the good letter writing from friends to friends was considered an accomplishment to be greatly desired, but in the rush of the present people rarely stop to put upon paper in finished form their impressions of places, people and events.

The two volumes recently published by Harper and Brothers, New York, entitled "The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D. C. L.," edited by George William Curtis, are conspicuous examples of the kind of letter-writing which holds and absorbs the attention of readers long after the hand which penned them has dropped the pen forever.

Mr. Motley's letters stretch over a considerable period beginning with his school days. They are carried through his college days, until he graduated at Harvard, and afterwards while studying in Germany. The German student life resulted in the acquaintance and friendship with Bismarck which lasted until the American's death. It was under an appointment as secretary of legation at St. Petersburg that the young scholar found his way to Russia, and began to display his remarkable descriptive gifts in humorous as well as serious comment upon what he saw in that country.

His letters at this time were to his wife, who did not accompany him, and to whom he naturally wrote with greater fullness than he might have written to another, although his gift for description apparently made it very easy for him to talk at length of natural happenings.

He returned to America in 1842, and in 1844 he took an active interest in politics. In 1845-7 he contributed historical and literary papers to the *North American Review* and began to collect materials for a history of Holland. In 1849 he served for one term in the Massachusetts legislature, and in the same year he published his second novel, "Merry Mount." In 1851, finding that he could not properly write a history of the Dutch Republic without consulting archives and libraries in Europe, he threw aside all that he had written and sailed with his family to Europe.

Of this work it is not necessary to speak. It assured him a place among the most distinguished American men of letters. Had this position would demand and give these volumes a more than ordinary interest. There is a mine of social, philosophic and artistic thought in the letters, and wise suggestions without number. There are references to, and opinions of, the leading men and women of his times which will be read with pleasure.

The two volumes are octavos in size, of four hundred pages each, printed with wide margins on heavy uncut paper, and have gilt tops. There is not a word of biography, the editor considering that the Memoir of Motley by Oliver Wendell Holmes made it unnecessary.

Another work from the Harper's is one entitled "Constitutional Government in Spain," by Dr. J. D. M. Curry, who was the official representative of the United States at Madrid, and there found a study of Spain, her manners, politics, institutions and people a necessary part of his duties. The volume is a remarkably clear tracing of the growth and application of the constitutional principle in that country, and while it will be found of marked interest to the general reader, it is also a most valuable contribution to the literature of the science of government.

He follows the changes in the government for some years and decides that the present outlook is hopeful. Conservatives and Liberals sustain the constitutional monarchy established by the constitution of 1876, with equal energy. Both defend the rights and guarantees of individual liberty, of property, of free speech, of liberty of the press, and of establishing associations. Differences of opinion exist chiefly as to methods. Liberalism, Dr. Curry thinks, is destined to triumph.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, comes "The Story of Washington," by Charles B. Ladd. This is second in the series, "Great Cities of the Republic," "The Story of New York" having preceded it. "The Story of Boston" will soon follow. It is a handsomely illustrated volume, giving a brief history of Washington in early times, and bringing the story down to the present. The text is admirably written, and the history interspersed with historical incidents that make every page interesting. The charts and maps and illustrations given with the text enable the reader to form a better idea of Washington than any book before written. It is handsomely printed and tastefully bound.

"The Slaves of Folly," by William Horace Bryan, is a novel reflecting the selfishness of many men who seem to have the best of temper, brute courage and a pleasing exterior. Linley Calverton, the slave of folly, is a bad husband of the order of perfect gentleman. He brings his wife to extreme penury without shocking her confidence in him as a loving soul who would do better if he could. He becomes fortunate. He plays poker and patronizes bucket shops. His wife falls heir to a large fortune and he, at once going on the big board, breaks into the wheat corner in time to lose $250,000 with the collapse, whereupon he flees with another man's wife, and the lawyer who secured the forsaken wife's fortune renews the aspirations of his youth and marries the divorced victim of Linley Calverton's good nature and easy-going ways.

A beautiful herald of Easter souvenirs comes from Frederic A. Stokes & Brother, New York, entitled "Heaven and Earth, An Antiphone," words by Edith M. Thomas, and illustrated by half tone engravings after original designs, the work of W. St. John Harper. The execution of the whole thing is remarkably pretty. The leaves and cover are tastefully tied together with ribbon cords, and the whole has a most pleasing effect.

From J. L. Ogilvie, New York, comes two pamphlet novels: "A Missing Husband," by George R. Sims, author of "Ostler Joe," and "Fun and Fact," by F. H. Chambers. They belong to the Red Cover series.

The third volume of the new edition of "Chambers Encyclopedia" published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, has been recently issued. It begins with Catarrh and runs to Dion. This work needs no recommendation to the public as to its excellence. The new edition has all of the good features of the old with many more added. Its clear typography, its excellent illustrations and its accuracy are characters well known. The volumes are three dollars each.

THE BLADE has received the second part of "The Story of Jesus" by Louisa Y. Craigin, from the publishers, Ford, Howard & Hulbert. As it has already been noticed at length in these volumes, nothing more is necessary, except to say that it continues to show most attractive features.

"Vaillante" is the title of a new romance, which William R. Jenkins has added to his excellent French series of "Romans Choisis." The work has received great commendation, not only being crowned by the French Academy, but being awarded the Montyon prize—for virtue. The story is cleverly written, full of picturesque description and fine character studies, and is particularly interesting for the gentler sex in showing what pluck, intelligence and energy will accomplish. Price, 60 cents.

Literary Notes.

A new novel by Henry James is among the spring announcements.

A volume of the short stories written by Edgar Saltus is in press.

Edgar Fawcett's next novel will be called "Solarion."

Mrs. Helen Campbell is correcting the final proofs of her new book "Prisoners of Poverty Abroad."

The current *Harper's Bazar* contains an illustrated paper upon "The Mary J. Drexel Home and Philadelphia Mother-house of Deaconesses."

Mr. B. P. Shillaber, confined at home by long illness, has employed his time in writing a book of personal reminiscence during fifty years.

Grace Greenwood is giving a series of lectures during Lent in New York parlors. The two already delivered have proved very successful.

Louis Ulbach, the French novelist, whose death is announced, was the author of a number of striking stories, many of which have been published in translation here.

Miss Edna Dean Proctor, from whose pen the literary world might with profit receive more than it does, has left Washington for a brief visit to New York and Brooklyn friends.

Ouida is a champion of the cause of birds in the *Cosmopolitan*, and attacks with her brilliant enthusiasm the feminine fashion of ornamenting hats and dresses with the massacred "children of the air," as she calls them.

Cupples & Hurd, of Boston, announce a new series of popular books to be called the Green Paper Series, in which the opening volume will be "Adventures in the Wilderness," by W. H. H. Murray.

Mr. Eugene Field, of Chicago, a most brilliant writer of short articles, funny and pathetic, is about to have a lot of his good things issued in an "*edition de luxe*." Still more to his honor, be it said, that the edition has already been subscribed for.

George Kennan's paper in the April *Century* will be devoted to the Russian police. Another feature of this number will be "Some Aspects of the Samoa Question," by George H. Bates, one of the commissioners recently appointed by President Harrison.

William S. Walsh, who has been editing *Lippincott's* with so much ingenuity, is to edit a Sunday edition of the New York *Herald* and make it hum. Although it does not admit it, the *Herald* is about the last of the great dailies to emphasize in a literary way the Sunday edition.

Miss Grace King, the new Southern writer, is described as a delicately-formed girl, with a mass of fair hair. She has Creole blood in her veins, and is the daughter of the late W. W. King, who was a prominent lawyer in Louisiana. She was a gay society girl before she began to write.

Mr. Howells has discovered a new poet in Lampman, of Canada, from whose verse the novelist interestingly quotes in the "Study" of *Harper's*. "If he shall do no more than he has already done," says Mr. Howells, "we believe that his fame can only wait the knowledge of work very uncommon at any time."

A new story by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett will shortly be brought out by the Scribners. It is a story of Spanish love and romance, with a beautiful country girl and one of Spain's most popular bull fighters as the two principal characters. The story will have for its title, "The Pretty Sister of Jose," and is said to be unlike anything Mrs. Burnett has previously written.

Mr. J. W. Bouton, the New York bookseller, whose shops are known to all seekers after the quaint and the curious in print, has issued in handsome binding his latest catalogue of rare books. The list is interesting for its own sake, and doubly so for the many fac-simile reductions of pages of old and valuable works. Mr. Bouton himself contributes a short but interesting essay on "collecting," and the changes that have recently occurred in values of rare books.

All of Amelie Rives's correspondence sent in care of her publishers is first opened by the latter before forwarding. This is done at the authoress' request to protect her from abusive letters, which are destroyed by the publishers. Shortly after the publication of "The Quick, or the Dead?" the character of several letters addressed to the authoress made this necessary, and the plan has been kept up ever since.

Mrs. Gen Logan and her daughter, Mrs. Mary Logan Tucker, are successfully editing a new monthly, entitled the *Home Magazine*, published at Washington. The periodical is a handsome illustrated sheet of from sixteen to twenty pages, the size being that of the principal illustrated weeklies. The articles are well selected, and of proper proportions. The purpose of the editors appears to be to appeal to the class of people who read at home and who find their dearest interests in and about the home circle. As this is the largest reading class in the United States, the new magazine ought to feel assured of success.

COST SOMETHING, TOO.

The Dazzling Costume Worn by a New York Queen of Fashion.

The gown was a copy of the dress worn by Marie de Medicis, but was wrought out at an expense that would have staggered the revenue of a nation who paid Marie's dressmaking bills. The principal components were purple velvet, pearl-wrought lace and a diamond-woven diadem. The velvet was all silk and scarcely thicker than broadcloth. All about the round court train, down the side gores and on the right breast of the bodice were asters the natural size, worked in solid gold button, with a convention-conquered vine of the leaves and buds. The bouquet of gold on the bodice was a marvelous piece of embroidery, every aster in the train the very perfection of decorative needle work. The long court train was scattered over with bunches of flowers embroidered in gold by hand, and a broad border of gold edging. The entire train was as gorgeous as a peacock's spread tail. This opened over a white satin petticoat that was veiled with white silk net, covered with droppings of gold and pearl, and gold spangles, producing at once a diaphanous and brilliant effect.

But the front of the bodice, from the square cut neck to the point of the basque, was of white satin, over which was worn a stomacher that covered it entirely, and was a mass of genuine diamonds. Of course, it was difficult to estimate their number or value, but their worth was said to be $225,000. She was carefully guarded against robbers, not only while going and coming, but also at the ball itself by costumed detectives. She was literally gemmed from head to foot. Her stockings were white silk, with an inserted medallion of point lace, and the white satin slippers were copiously embroidered with pearls and diamonds. No gloves were worn, as they had not come into fashion at the time of Marie de Medicis's reign, which gave an opportunity for the display of several diamond rings.

Her hair was almost concealed by a spear-shaped coronet of diamonds, with splendid white stones in spiral mounting. Below this crown were three diamond stars pinned in the hair about the ear. The de Medicis girdle was studded with family stones, principally rubies, sapphires and torquoises, with clusters of small old-mine stones, and five strings of rose-cut diamonds were coiled about the throat. For a collarette she wore a wide band of black velvet fastened with a solitaire button. The standing Medicis collar was of the white net, embroidered with gold and pearls, and a large sun of diamonds was on the left side of the square neck. On her head Mrs. Astor wore her famous tiara of diamonds and pearls; inside of this the coronet of diamonds, made especially for this occasion and already described, and on one side of her head were three diamond stars, and behind a diamond comb.—*Jewelers' Weekly.*

Woman Finds a New Field.

A new occupation for a woman is that of superintendent of weddings. A young woman in her late twenties, who makes a success of the profession, is installed in or near the house of the bride prospective some little time before the ceremony. She selects the trousseau, advises what is latest and finest in underwear, buys the material, and designs and makes or superintends the making of the gowns. She is *au fait* in stockings, boots, gloves, laces, and handkerchiefs; she sees to the millinery and the jewels and wraps; she gowns the bride's mother and the younger sisters, if any; she dictates to the bridesmaids, and is the fairy godmother who thinks of everything and lets the engaged couple enjoy themselves with unanxious mind. One family who have found her valuable recommend her to another, and she has obtained quite a clientage.

Poison in the Foil.

The tinfoil so commonly used to wrap Neufchatel cheese, chewing gum, various kinds of candy, and all kinds of chewing tobacco, is said to be dangerous an account of the lead in the use for wrapping articles of food has been forbidden in France.

It is a Curious Fact

That the body is now more susceptible to the benefit of medicine than at any other season. Hence the importance of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now, when it will do you the most good. It is really wonderful for purifying and enriching the blood, creating an appetite and giving a healthy tone to the whole system. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

What They Put On Their Cards.

Mrs. Cleveland's cards now read: "Mrs. Grover Cleveland." Official etiquette requires that the wife of the Chief Magistrate shall have her cards engraved in the simplest manner—"Mrs Cleveland" or "Mrs. Harrison," as the case may be. The president's card bears only the inscription, "The President." For the cabinet, the cards are engraved "The Secretary of State," "The Secretary of the Navy," and so on, the wife in each instance having a card on which the prefix "Mrs." is not followed by the husband's given name.

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW THE DIFFERENCE.

IF YOU note the world's conditions and incline
At the eminence attained
by rogues while Worth
is in the dust;
If you see about you
tricksters living high
on stolen sweets
While patient Merit
starves to death
or begs upon the
streets;
If Honesty is pushed
aside and glaring
Fraud steps in
And feeds its numerous
relatives from out the
public bin;
If things seem going to the dogs don't kick and
make a row—
You'll never know the difference a hundred
years from now.

If you've staked your all upon a cast and lost
upon the die,
And feel as if it were no use to make another
try;
If Fortune's always making calls when you
knock at her door,
And being snubbed persistently has come to be
a bore;
If your girl elopes the day before you mean to
marry her,
And kindred trifles happen, as so frequently
occur,
Just look as wise as Solomon and say that you
allow
You'll never know the difference a thousand
years from now.

If you've made a goodly fortune in the struggle
to succeed
And stood off through a long career the dreadful passion Greed,
Just in the end to lose it in some hocus-pocus
game
Which ought to be for boys often diversion
rather tame;
If then you think life wearisome and not worth
playing out
And wish you knew some decent way of going
"up the spout,"
Just smile and say to Destiny, all with a mocking bow;
"I'll never know the difference a thousand years
from now."

It isn't worth the while to make of life a thing
of doubt,
For in the end in spite of Fate, old Time will
knock it out;
So why not take things easy and decline to be
perturbed?
What use is there in getting wroth or "rattled"
or disturbed?
Woo, rather, sweet content, and wear a smile
of peace and calm,
And in the checker game of life you'll tote away
the palm.
Then hand out this philosophy—the why and
whom and how:
You'll never know the difference a thousand
years from now.

—*Kirke La Shelle.*

THE CARDINAL ON DIVORCE.

The Position of the Catholic Church on the Marriage Question.

Cardinal Gibbons has been interviewed regarding the position of the Catholic Church to the question of divorce and remarriage, and he said:

"The church holds that under certain circumstances separation may be necessary, but in no case does it sanction adivorce implying the right of marriage.

"The church holds marriage to be irrevocable. There is no absolute release allowed a vinculo. The Gospel forbids a man to have more than one wife or a wife to have more than one husband, and we follow the Gospel teaching.

"Marriage is the most inviolable of all contracts. Adultery alone may justify a divorce, in the sense of a separtion. But not in any case does it justify a remarriage during the lifetime of the two partners to the wedding contract. Moses, we know, permitted separation in principle, but in this toleration the great law-giver had regard to the violent passions of the Jewish people, for whom he legislated, and to their liability to fall into greater excess if their desire for a divorce were altogether refused.

"Then, you know, our Lord himself says: 'Whosoever shall put away his wife, and shall marry another, committeth adultery,' while, though an injured consort may be justified by the Gospel, in obtaining a 'divorce from bed and board,' the church firmly maintains that this does not imply the privilege of remarrying, whatever Protestant commentators may erroneously assert to the contrary.

"When the Pharisees tempted Christ, you may remember, the Savior answered: 'And I say to you that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication, and shall mary another, committeth adultery; and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery.' Hence no man and no legislation can validly dissolve the contract.

"Mark, Luke and Paul all flatly forbid divorce a vinculo. The law of the Catholic Church is inflexible. Pope Clement VII. refused to sanction Henry XIII.'s divorce from Catherine of Aragon, and England was lost to the church.

"The ease with which releases from matrimonial contracts are obtained in some of our states is fraught with dangerous consequences. Some of the pretended causes evoked are so trivial that they would raise a smile if the matter were not so terribly serious.

"You may shrink from the rigor of the Catholic teaching, but surely it is merciful beside the cruel consequences of indiscriminate divorces we see nowadays.

"Yes, the remarriage of a divorced Catholic during his partner's lifetime necessarily involves his being put without the pale of the church. In such cases it is not only the right but the duty of our priests to refuse the offender absolution or the sacraments. But I should hesitate to go so far as to refuse the sacraments to a Catholic who had merely obtained a divorce."—*Baltimore American.*

BOUND TO COME.

Cause of the Delay in Introducing Phonographs.

The North American Phonograph company, which was organized with the tremendous capital of $6,600,000, is not turning out the phonographs with the rapidity that was promised. It was asserted at the outset that 10,000 phonographs would be ready by February 1, and that in a short time every customer could be readily supplied with them. The reason for the delay, as explained by officers of the company yesterday, is owing to difficulties in the construction of the instruments. The machinery used is necessarily delicate, and the work upon the talking machines most careful. As a result of the delay orders for phonographs amounting to more than 10,000 have not been filled.

It is claimed that about 250 phonographs are being turned out of the factories each day. Officers of the company will visit the factories this week and an attempt will be made to hasten their manufacture. In the meantime subsidiary companies have been formed all over the country, and they now reach the number of 32. The capital of these companies varies according to the district over which they have control. The company in this city called the Metropolitan, has a capital of $1,000,000. Altogether the capital stock of the companies is in the neighborhood of $20,000,000. The phonograph has not found its way into general use by business men in this city as yet, but the company think that as its practical uses become better known there will be a larger demand for the machine.—*N. Y. Times.*

A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends. A kind friend to the Catarrh sufferer is

Warner's Log Cabin ROSE CREAM,

for it may be relied upon to give permanent relief. Elegant, effective.

Steam in the Backwoods.

Forest Commissioner Theodore B. Bassselin has introduced logging by steam into the woods of Lewis county, New York. He has built a steam sleigh which is capable of carrying 15,000 feet of logs, equivalent to the loads of fifteen teams or horses. The contrivance resembles a box car. The motive power is furnished by a boiler seven feet high and weighing four tons and two engines of 100-horse power each. There are four drive wheels weighing two tons each, and an arrangement by which the exhaust steam, condensed into water, falls continually before the runners of the sleigh, turning the snow into ice. The machine costs $8,000, but is expected to be a profitable investment on account of the saving in cost of teams and men.

ST. JACOBS OIL

For Lumbago.

Cured Permanently. Original Statement, 1886. Renewed, Jan. 30, 1887. Three years ago had rheumatism in back; after using one bottle of St. Jacobs Oil cured me; have not felt it since.
FRANK MONROE, Francisville, Ill.

Cured Permanently. Original Statement, 1886. Renewed, June 10, 1887. Suffered two years ago with acute pain in back; in one hour great relief from St. Jacobs Oil; three applications cured; in the morning pains gone. HORACE E. HOPKINS.

Cured Permanently. Renewed, May 17, '87. Wife was sorely afflicted with lame back; suffered several years; used innumerable liniments and plasters, used St. Jacobs Oil; was cured by it.
A. E. CUNNINGHAM, Perrysville, Pa.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

FUNNY LITTLE FOLKS.

They are Constantly Saying Good Things—Here are Some of the Latest.

A BLADE correspondent at Bellevue sends the following: My little grandson, aged 5, who is now visiting here, came to me one day and said: "Grandma, please put on my overshoes, for there is a nice little girl out there, and I am going to hug her, and if I can, I'll kiss her. Do you s'pose I'm going to stay around this town and not kiss the girls?"

Another correspondent sends the following, with a note saying they are all true, and are but a few that have come to her from the nursery:

Teacher (to her 7-year-old pupil)—"Eva, I hear your grandma is dead?" "Yes," said the little miss, "and you can't know how we miss the nurses!"

Little Johnnie, at his own request, was called at a very early hour in the morning, and consequently was very sleepy. "Why, Johnnie," said his papa, "you walk like a boy going to war. Did you ever see one?" "No, papa, but I have seen a few after they came out."
His papa was an old soldier.

"Well, what do you think of Lake Erie?" said a mother to her little son, as he stood looking at it for the first time. "I think it a good sized mud puddle."

"Say, mama," said little Charlie, as he sat putting on his shoes and stockings, "I've got a hole in the seat of my heel."

Little Helen could sing almost before she could talk, and one day she began to sing "Stand up for Jesus," but her little mind could not quite remember the first word, so, after puzzling for some moments, she lisped in a baby voice "Dump up, dump up for Desus."

SCORE ONE FOR BESSIE.

Bessie, 5 years old, was not very fond of her lessons. One day, being very inattentive during recitation, her governess, to punish her, gave her a little task to do for the next day. In the evening she said to the little girl: "Well, Bessie, did you study your lesson well for to-morrow?" and was answered very reproachfully: "Why, Miss Warner, don't you know that Jesus said, 'Don't take care of to-morrow!'"

SPECIFIC INFORMATION DESIRED.

Little 2-year-old Johnny was one day teasing his baby sister and making her cry. His mamma appearing at the inauspicious moment said: "John, if you do that again I'll put you to bed, and whip you in the bargain." John looked up innocently and asked: "Mamma, where is my bargain?"

BY AUTHORITY.

Little Mel, just four years old, is learning to spell from blocks having a picture of an animal on one side and the name on the other. Not long ago he said: "Mamma, how do you spell donkey?" "D-o-n-k-e-y," answered his mother. "No, mamma," he said gravely, consulting his blocks, "the way to spell donkey is a-s-s."

HEAVEN IN A NEW ASPECT.

When my grandson was four years old I always sat by his bed until he slept. One night, as I was about to leave him, he opened his eyes and said, most earnestly: "Grandma, I am so glad you are not a dressmaker." I asked him why. He said: "Because there are no dressmakers in heaven." I asked him his reason for thinking so, and he replied, "Because the little angels never have any dresses."

IDENTIFIED.

Our Marion is three years of age, but knows something of the poets. Some members of the family were speaking of Longfellow's birthday, and she said: "I know him. I saw him in the country last summer jumping through the grass with his long legs."

GOOD REASON FOR ABSENCE.

A bright little miss, eight years of age, having formerly resided on Staten Island, was talking the other day with the servant about her former home. On being asked if she had always lived there she replied; "Always, 'ceptin' once, when I wasn't born."

AN EXTENSION OF THE IDEA.

My little boy, when about 4 years old, was much interested in the taxidermic efforts of a young lady friend, which consisted in stuffing birds to put on her hat. A neighbor died at the time, and, after seeing the coffin carried out of the house, he remarked gravely: "Mamma, why don't Belle stuff old Mrs. B——?"

ENTIRE REORGANIZATION NEEDED.

One day Baby G—— was outting up her pranks in the nursery and annoying her 4-year-old brother. He stood it as long as he could, until patience ceased to be a virtue, and then said with a disgusted air: "Sister, I think you'd better be made all over again."—*New York World.*

COUNTER IRRITATION.

A family residing at Cape Elizabeth have two boys, one aged 4 and the other 2½ years. The older boy fell head foremost into a tub of water. He kicked and screamed, but no one was near to help him, but his little brother, taking in the situation, began tugging away to pull him out. His little hands were not strong enough to do so. All at once an idea struck him, and he left the room to return with a switch, which he began to apply quite vigorously to that part of his brother hanging over the tub, nearest to him. The application of the switch aroused the temper of the boy in the tub, who by a dexterous use of his legs and the help of his little preserver raised himself and backed out.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A GRATEFUL LITTLE HEART.

A thoughtful child living near Albany was recently given permission to hold a party for some of her friends, and enjoyed the occasion with extraordinary zest. At its close she went to the place where she kept her little savings bank, and taking it to her mother with a beaming face, said: "Mamma, I have had such a very, very delightful time and enjoyed my party so much that I want you to take 25 cents out of my bank and give it to the missionary fund."—*Albany Journal.*

A BUSINESS VIEW.

A Sunday school teacher tells this amusing story: I was teaching a class of little boys in my school. The lesson happened to be about the Prophet Elijah and the widow of Zarephath, who, you will of course remember, told Elijah, when he asked her to take him to board, that she "had not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel and a little oil in a cruse." When asked as to the supply of food the poor widow had one little fellow quickly replied:

"She had just meal enough to make a cake and oil enough to start the fire."

The Grave and the Gay.

The grave usually predominates in human affairs.

Disease and affliction make the *gay* but a transient visitor. Still the proportion may be reversed; the grave may be expelled; the *gay* invited and retained.

"How?" you ask incredulously. Well, there is a decidedly obvious inference in the following extracts, which answers these questions exactly:

GLASGOW, KY.

"I regard Compound Oxygen as a wonderful remedy, and shall ever be grateful to you for it."
JAS. B. MARTIN.

PENSACOLA, FLA., July 25, 1888.

"I suffered from a very severe and obstinate case of bronchitis: I had tried a great many doctors' remedies and, while not entirely well, I am very greatly improved, and feel fully assured that the same is due to your Compound Oxygen Treatment."
JOHN W. FRATER.

SUMTER, S. C.

"I have used the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment from Drs. Starkey & Palen as a revitalizer, and have experienced marked benefit from it."
MRS. N. G. OSTEEN,
Proprietor *Watchman and Southron.*

NAPOLEON, O., Feb. 10, 1888.

"My entire family are using the Compound Oxygen now or lose, and I consider it to be a wonderful remedy for all chronic troubles."
MRS. L. L. OBWIG.

We publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa., or 331 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Cal.

A Spartan at Poker.

At a roulette table in Boston, some time back, a man, evidently a Westerner, was betting heavily against the bank. His luck was bad on the whole, and he made a great fuss every time he lost. In the seat next him was an elderly person with a grizzled beard, who wore his hat slouched over his eyes, his right hand thrust into the breast of his coat. He was losing enormously, but he said nothing, and no emotion exhibited itself on his face.

"Confound it!" the visitor from the West exclaimed, as he pulled in a good-sized stake, "that's the first bet I've won for two hours. I never saw such luck in my life. I never did!" Then, turning to the man with the slouch hat, he broke out with: "I say, are you made of stone or ice? I haven't seen you win a bet since I came in, and you must have lost a pile. Yet you sit there like an Egyptian mummy, and never a word escapes you!"

The elderly man with the grizzled beard smiled a ghastly smile. Then drawing out his hand from the bosom of his coat he showed five long, horny fingers covered with blood. He had been tearing his flesh beneath his garments with his nails.—*N. O. Picayune.*

DO WHAT IS NEXT TO THEE.

O what is next to thee;
Love doth not measure;
If not thy pleasure,
Still thine the peace will
be.

Do it with all thy might;
Brief is the living,
Blest those in giving,
As in God's holy sight.

Do it for Jesus' sake,
Though it be trying,
Sweet thy denying
His love can ever make.

Do it with all thy
strength;
Be not delaying,
But swift obeying,
For night will come at length.

Do with all care and zest;
Patient in doing,
Watchful, punning;
So life's long days are blest.

Do thou with prayerful heart,
Always rejoicing,
Let thy sweet voicing
Some good to all impart.

Do what is right and meet;
Wait not the morrow,
So shall not sorrow
Burden love's willing feet.

—*Churchman.*

TWO FAMOUS AUTHORS.

John Lothrop Motley's Impressions of Thackery and Lord Macaulay.

Thackery has the appearance of a colossal infant, smooth, white, shiny, ringlety hair, flaxen, alas, with advancing years, a roundish face, with a little dab of a nose, upon which it is a perpetual wonder how he keeps his spectacles, a sweet but rather piping voice, with something of a childish treble about it, and a very tall, slightly stooping figure—such are the characteristics of the great "snob," of England. His manner is like that of everybody else in England—nothing original, all planed down into perfect uniformity with that of his fellow-creatures. There was not much more distinction in his talk than in his white choker or black coat and waistcoat. As you like detail, however, I shall endeavor to Boswellize him a little, but he is very hard work. Something was said of Carlyle, the author. Thackery said, "Carlyle hates everybody that has arrived. If they are on the road he may perhaps treat them civilly." Mackintosh praised the description in the "French Revolution" of the flight of the King and Queen (which is certainly one of the most living pictures ever painted with ink), and Thackery agreed with him, and spoke of the passages very heartily. I remember old Carlyle snarling at you at Dresden with "Ye like his Beckies and his Dobbinses, do ye?" but I did not mention the circumstance.

Macaulay is elaborately described. Speaking of his powers and practices as a converser, the correspondent says:

"I can imagine no better fun than to have Carlyle and himself meet accidentally at the same dinner table with a small company. It would be like two locomotives, each with a long train, coming against each other at express speed. Both, I have no doubt, could be smashed into silence at the first collision. Macaulay, however, is not so dogmatic or outrageously absurd as Carlyle often is, neither is he half so grotesque or amusing. His whole manner has the smoothness and polished surface of the man of the world, the politician and the new peer, spread over the man-of-letters within. His style of talk is more like that of Frank Gray, or as his would have been had he possessed the enormous and well-won reputation of Macaulay. I do not know that I can repeat any of his conversation, for there was nothing to excite very particular attention in its even flow. As a talker, to judge him by this one occasion, he is not to be compared for a moment to Holmes. There was not a touch of the doctor's ever-bubbling wit, imagination, enthusiasm and arabesqueness, without sparkle or flash, but at the same time always interesting and agreeable. I used to listen to him with pleasure for an hour or two every day, and I have no doubt I should thence grow wiser every day, for his brain is full, as hardly any man's ever was, and his way of delivering himself is easy and fluent."

A STRANGE RESENTMENT.

A Father Who Did Not Speak to His Daughter for Fifty Years.

Fifty years ago James Martin, a well-to-do farmer living near Ballietville, Pa., refused to purchase his 15-year-old daughter a dress that she very much coveted, on the plea that he could not afford it. It was a few days before St. Valentine's Day. The daughter was a quick tempered girl and took her father's refusal to purchase her the dress much to heart. On St. Valentine's Day Farmer Martin took from the village postoffice a valentine addressed to him in his daughter's handwriting. It was a rough caricature, representing a miser counting and gloating over his money. There lived in the neighborhood a man of that kind. He had a niece whom he treated brutally. When Farmer Martin looked at his valentine he showed it to his wife, simply remarking that he had not expected such a bitter and uncalled-for insult from their child. Mr. Martin took the girl to task about it. The daughter at once declared that she had not sent the valentine to her father, but, on the contrary, had mailed him a very complimentary one, entitled "The Honest Farmer," having been her custom since she was a little child to send him a valentine every year. The old miser's niece had obtained the valentine Farmer Martin received to send to her uncle. Farmer Martin's daughter was with her when she bought it. The two girls had sealed their valentines at the same time, and the Martin girl took them both and addressed them. In doing so she got them mixed, and sent the miser's valentine to her father.

In spite of all explanation, Farmer Martin could not be brought to believe his daughter's story. From that day he never spoke to her. She married and lived on a farm adjoining her father's. With her husband and her children Farmer Martin was on the kindest and most familiar terms, but he never noticed his daughter. Last week he died. He left an estate valued at $45,000. To his aged widow he left $30,000. To his son-in-law he bequeathed the remainder of the estate, provided he survived his wife, the farmer's daughter. If the son-in-law died first then the $15,000 was to be divided among his three children. To his daughter, Farmer Martin bequeathed "a package to be found in his trunk, tied with a green ribbon, and sealed with green wax." When this was opened it was found to be the unfortunate valentine that had caused the extraordinary estrangement of the farmer from his daughter 50 years ago.

Some Old Fashions Revived.

There is at present a revival of old fashions steadily going on. Popular favor has returned to many of the customs of early times and our homes are rapidly assuming an air of the past.

There is a reason for this revival.

Our ancestors were of the substantial kind and their tastes were accordingly marked.

They looked to their personal comfort and when it was attained they stopped.

Fashion's follies had no charms for them and in mind and person they were the equal of any people the world has yet seen.

Quick in perception and accurate in judgment, they soon detected the cause of any physical discomfort and as quickly applied the proper means for the removal of it.

Conspicuous among some of the old fashions recently revived has been the reproduction of some of our grandmother's early time home cures, which are now holding a deserved position in popular favor, under the name of Warner's Log Cabin remedies and include a Sarsaparilla for the blood, Hops and Buchu for the stomach and system, Cough Remedy for colds, Extract for internal or external pain, Hair Tonic, Rose Cream for catarrh, Plasters and Pills.

For purity, simplicity and for their genuine beneficial properties they are unequaled and are worthy of our good old grandmothers, who first produced them.

Wanamaker's Daughter.

Miss Minnie Wanamaker, daughter of the postmaster general, it is predicted, will be one of the most popular members of the administration circle of ladies. She is about 19, and pretty and charming according to the verdict of those who are acquainted with her. At present she is in Europe with her mother. She has not yet made her debut in society, but will undoubtedly do so as soon as the family settles down in Washington.

WEAK KIDNEYS BACKACHE

Weak and Painful Kidneys, Aching Sides, Back and Chest, Rheumatic, Sciatic, Sharp and muscular pains *relieved in one minute* by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster; 25 cts.; 5 for $1. At druggists, or of POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

LOYAL TENNESSEEANS.

HAVING in former contributions to the CAMP FIRE related some of my army experiences, I will now give an account of what we passed through down here in East Tennessee before we reached the union army. When the Tennessee legislature passed an ordinance of secession in 1861, and pretended to submit the same to the people for ratification or rejection, I was a resident of the Second civil district of Carter county, Tenn., and said district rejected the unholy act of the legislature by a unanimous vote, and the eastern division of the state by a larger majority than any other proposition ever submitted to the people for decision at the ballot box in the history of the state; but the middle and western divisions counted us out, as they still continue to do. The union men of East Tennessee, seeing the state engaged in rebellion against the government bequeathed to them by the revolutionary fathers, determined to do all in their power, at the sacrifice of property or life if necessary, to aid the government in putting down the rebellion. As soon as the government sent an army to Kentucky union men began crossing the Cumberland mountains into that state and enlisting in the union army. The rebels soon placed a blockade of soldiers on all the roads crossing the mountains for the purpose of intercepting the passage of union men to Kentucky, and the confederate congress passed the conscript act, to compel all able-bodied men between 18 and 45 years of age, to do service in the rebel army. But the East Tennesseeans were so hostile to the conscript act, and all other acts of the rebels, that they could not enforce the conscript law without sending soldiers among us and capturing whoever they could, handcuffing and dragging them off under close guard. However, union men were all this time going to Kentucky and enlisting in the union army as fast as they could secure the service of pilots to guide them through forests and mountains, traveling by night, and concealing themselves by day in the dense forests or mountain gorges. This state of affairs continued, and the rebels looked on us as domestic foes, and treated us as such, constantly scouring the country with detachments of cavalry, shooting and hanging union men, plundering and burning houses, and on one occasion, I recollect, they captured a young man, incarcerated him in a prison in which were about 60 others waiting their doom. This young man set his wits to work to devise some plan of escape, and lighting straws taken from the broom, he burned numerous blisters on his person. He then complained of being very sick, and asked the officer of the guard to send a physician to see him. The physician arrived and asked what was the matter with him. He answered that he was afflicted with something breaking out on him, and opening his shirt front exhibited the blisters. The doctor said: "Have you been exposed to the small-pox?" The patient replied that he did not think he had small-pox, for it had been nine or ten days since he had been where anyone had it. The doctor did not diagnose the case any farther, but made his exit from the jail. In a few minutes the patient was removed to a vacant house in the suburbs of the town, where he remained quite ill, but, a guard being stationed in front of the door, to see that he did not escape. A portion of the floor being loose, he removed a brick from the hearth, got under the floor, crawled to the outer edge where there was an opening between the ground and floor, and as the guard passed him he sprang up behind him, felled him to the ground with a brick, and to make sure that the guard would not give the alarm, he struck him on his head with the gun and thus escaped.

On another occasion a large number of union men had their rendezvous at the house of a prominent union man, who was liberal with his contributions on such occasions, for the purpose of preparing rations for a starlight trip over the mountains to the union army. While busily engaged in making preparations, they were surprised by

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Do not send more than three queries at one time. All questions, to receive attention, must be on separate sheets from business letters or articles for other departments, written on one side of the paper only, and the true name and address *must* be given. If requested, the name and address will not be published.

2.—Do not ask us where you can *sell* anything, or where you can *buy* anything. Such requests are advertisements, and must be paid for.

3.—No addresses will be given, either of business firms or of persons, in reply to requests. To do so would be to give them free advertising.

4.—Do not ask whether any business, company or individual is reliable. We will not reply.

5.—This department is intended to answer only such queries as are of *general* interest to the masses of the BLADE'S readers; hence we will not waste space in answering questions that are not.

6.—We can not give space to mathematical problems, puzzles, etc., nor will we decipher them.

7.—No replies by mail, under any circumstances.

February New Moons.

Several persons have written to say that but one new moon occurred in February, 1880. J. M. R., West Geneve, Iowa, says: "There never was and never can be two moons in February." This we believe to be correct. We give below a table to find the date of the new moons in any year in this century, by using the Golden Number. The Golden Number is the place of a given year in the lunar cycle, which is 19 years; that is, every 19 years the new moons come around on the same dates.

To find the Golden Number: Add 1 to the date, and divide the sum by 19; the remainder is the Golden Number for that year. When there is no remainder, the year is the last of the lunar cycle, and of course its Golden Number is 19.

Example: To find the Golden Number for 1889: add 1, and we have 1890; divide by 19, and the remainder is 9. Hence, 9 is the Golden Number for 1889.

To use the Table: Find the Golden Number for the given year; then, wherever it occurs in the table, it gives the date of a new moon. The first column is the days of the month. Each of the other 12 columns is headed by the name of one of the months.

TABLE TO FIND THE NEW MOONS FROM 1801 TO 1900.

Days.	January.	February.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.
1	9		9	17	17	6				11		19
2		17				6	14	14	3	11		19
3	17	6	17	6					3	11		19
4	6		6	14	14	3				10	8	8
5	14					3	11	11	19	8		16
6	14	3	14	3					19		16	5
7	3		3	11	11	19		8	16			13
8	11			19	8	8	16	5	5	13		
9	11	19	11	19					13		2	
10			19	8	8	16	16	5	13		2	10
11	19	8					5	13	2	2	10	
12	8	16	8	16	16	5			2	10	18	7
13					5	13	13	2	10		7	
14		5	16	5		13	13	2	10	10	18	7
15			5		13	13	2	10	10	18	7	15
16	13	2	13	2					18	7	15	4
17	2		2	10	10	18				15		12
18		10		18		7	7	15	4	4	12	
19	10	18	10	18				15		12	1	1
20					7	15	4	12	1	1		
21	18		18	7	7	15			1	1	9	
22		7	15		15	4	4	12	1	1	9	
23	7	15		15			12		9	17	17	6
24			15	4	4	12		1	9			
25	15	4		12	1		1	9	17	17	6	
26	4		4	12		1				6		14
27		12			1	9	9	17	6		14	3
28	12		12	1	9		17	6	14	14	3	
29	1			9		17					3	11
30			9		17	6	6	14	3		11	
31		9					14	3		11		19

For instance, suppose you wish to find the date of the new moon in November, 1888. Using the rule above, we find the Golden Number for 1888 was 8. Look in the column headed "November," and the 8 is found opposite the 3d day of the month. Hence the November new moon in 1888 was on the 3d.

By this table we can find the dates of all the new moons for any year. For instance, suppose you desire to know the new moons for next year—1890. Its Golden Number is 10. Look in each column for the 10, and the date in the left hand column is the date of the new moon. The first is January 20, the second February 19, the third March 20, etc.

The Alamo.

T. B. I., Tin Cup, Colo.: 1.—Probably you refer to the Alamo, an old fort near San Antonio, Texas, celebrated in the Texan war of independence. It was an oblong structure, about an acre in extent, surrounded by a wall eight or ten feet high and three feet thick. Santa Anna with a large detachment of the army, invested Fort Alamo in February, 1836. The Texans, consisting of 140 men, commanded by Col. Travis, retired to the fort while the Mexicans, 1,000 strong, took possession of the town and erected batteries on both sides of the river and bombarded the fort for 24 hours, throwing over 200 shells into the fort and not injuring a man, while the Texans, standing upon the ramparts, were able to pick off man after man of the enemy. Several assaults were made, but the Mexicans were driven back with great loss. Col. Travis sent couriers asking for assistance, but only 32 men were able to force their way through the Mexican lines. On the 6th of March a combined attack was made by the whole Mexican army. Twice they assaulted and were repulsed with great loss. The Texans, unable to load in the close hand to hand fight which now ensued, clubbed their rifles and fought until only six men remained, one of whom was Col. Crockett. They surrendered to Castrillion, and being taken to Santa Anna were ordered to be instantly cut to pieces. The bodies of the slain were collected in the center of the Alamo and burned. At the battle of San Jacinto, the defeat of the whole Mexican army, and the capture of Santa Anna, the Texans with the war cry of "Remember the Alamo!" carried all before them. 2.—"Buffalo Bill" is Wm. F. Cody. We don't know how he got the nickname. 3.—California is now, we believe, the largest wool growing state.

The Methodist Episcopal and Protestant Episcopal Churches.

W. M. M., Ft. Wayne, Ind.: The chief difference between the Methodist Episcopal and the Protestant Episcopal churches is in their form of conducting public worship and church organization. Protestant Episcopalians are the American branch of the Established English Church, the executive authority resting mainly in the bishops and clergy, who must be consecrated by a hierarchy which claims to trace its ecclesiastical lineage directly back to Christ's Apostles. They conduct worship under regularly prescribed forms, the prayers being read by the priests and worshippers. Methodism originated with the Wesleys and Whitefield, who, about 1740, left the English Church to evangelize the poor and illiterate masses, holding devotional services frequently in the open air or in other than consecrated churches, using extemporaneous prayers and allowing pious persons to preach, though they had not been formally ordained to the priesthood. Questions of discipline are determined by conferences in which the whole body of the church, lay as well as clerical, are represented.

Peanut Culture.

W. S. S., Edwards, O., writes us concerning the article on peanuts published recently in the BLADE, as follows: "The peanut needs a warm, sandy soil, a long season, free from frost in spring and fall, as it is more tender than the sweet potato; that a very poor soil produces the best quality of nuts, but not the largest yield; that 50 bushels an acre is an excellent crop, and in many cases this yield is not reached. In field culture they are plowed out with a plow made for that purpose, and it takes a good team to do the work. The 'tap,' or main root, grows deep, and it takes a strong team of horses to pull one out by the roots. As the plow runs under the nuts it cuts the 'tap' root and loosens the ground, and several persons follow after, taking hold of the tops, shaking the dirt from the nuts and laying them in windrows with the tops up in order to have the sunshine wilt them, after which they are gathered in piles where stakes have been driven into the ground, around which they are stacked with the nuts next the stake and the tops out. The picking is commenced a few weeks after, and often lasts for three months, at least that is the case in the great peanut belt of Virginia, where the writer lived for four years."

Scientific Views of Spiritualism.

N. D., Richland, Ill., asks: 1.—"Please give the theory of scientific men in regard to the cause and nature of the so-called physical manifestations of spiritualism—rapping, table tipping, materializations, etc." The very latest utterance on this subject from high scientific authority will be found in the *Popular Science Monthly* for April, 1889, just issued. The conclusions of the author of the article, and of all other scientific authorities, is that modern spiritualism is an unblushing fraud, on the same plane as the tricks of the stage conjurer. There has never been any phenomenon shown under scientific test conditions that was not shown to be a vile fraud. Get the magazine mentioned above, and read the article. It is absolutely convincing. 2.—The "New Brotherhood of Christ" which a society spoken of in "Robert Elsmere," is a fiction, and never existed in reality.

The Brooklyn Bridge.

L. R., Santa Paula: 1. The East River Bridge, between New York and Brooklyn, is a suspension bridge 5,989 feet long and 85 feet wide, and its floor is suspended from four cables of steel wire, which are braced by innumerable stays. Each tower rests on a caisson sunk below the river bed. The towers are 270 feet high. They measure 120 feet by 40 at the top. The approach to the terminus on the New York side is 1,562 feet long; on the Brooklyn side is 971 feet. The bridge has 2 railroad tracks, 4 wagon tracks, and a promenade 13 feet in width, for foot passengers. It consists principally of iron and steel. It was begun in 1870, and opened to the public in May 24, 1883. Its whole cost was $15,000,000. We do not understand what disaster you refer to.

General Custer.

E. C., Portis, Kan.: Gen. Custer's full name was George Armstrong Custer. He was born at New Rumley, Harrison county, Ohio, December 5, 1839, and killed in battle with the Sioux on the Little Big-horn river, June 25, 1876. He graduated at West Point in 1861, and was at the first battle of Bull Run. Under McClellan, Custer was assigned to Gen. Kearney's staff. When the army of the Potomac was before Yorktown, he was detailed as assistant engineer under Gen. Sumner. He was afterward made captain, and an aide to Gen. McClellan. He served thus through the peninsular campaign, taking part in all its battles, and in the campaign ending in the battle of Antietam. He was at Chancellorville, and became aide to Gen. Pleasonton, who had a division of cavalry. Custer distinguished himself as a dashing cavalry officer, was made brigadier general of cavalry, and made his mark in the many battles in Virginia under Sheridan. In July, 1866, he was made lieutenant colonel of cavalry in the regular army, and was sent to the Western frontier. His tragic death in a hopeless fight against 3,000 Indians, is well known. His father is still living, we believe, near Monroe, Mich., where Gen. Custer's widow also resides.

The Express Business.

G. H. B., Medford, Minn.: The apparent confusion of dates given to the "first express in America" arises from some going back to persons who traveled for a short time between different points, carrying parcels, etc. The proper date, we think, should be the beginning of a *permanent* system of doing this; and this takes us to March 4, 1839, as the date, and William F. Harnden as the founder of the modern express system. On that day Mr. Harnden began making regular trips between Boston and New York. He made four trips per week at first, and soon received liberal patronage. The next year, 1840, Alvin Adams and P. B. Burke started a competing line, which was the beginning of the famous Adams Express company. The first express west of Buffalo began in April, 1845, by Wells, Fargo & Canning. This firm continued till 1850, when they consolidated with two other minor express lines, under the name of the American Express company. Mr. Harnden, the founder of the express system, died in 1850, leaving little or no property. The United States Express company began in 1853. The various express lines cover over 60,000 miles of railway, employ over 18,000 men, and have at least $25,000,000 of capital embarked in the business.

Nicknames of the Presidents.

T. D. C., Edwardsville, Ill.: 1.—The popular epithets applied to our Presidents, as far as we recall them, are as follows: Washington, "Father of His Country;" John Quincy Adams, "The Old Man Eloquent;" Andrew Jackson, "Old Hickory;" Martin Van Buren, "Little Van;" Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe;" Taylor, "Old Rough and Ready;" Buchanan, "Old Public Functionary" and "Buck;" Lincoln, "Old Abe;" Grant, "Unconditional Surrender;" Cleveland, "Old Veto." 2.—A. K. Cutting edited a newspaper at El Paso, on the Texas side of the Rio Grande. He published a scathing article on the Mexican officials for alleged unfair treatment of Americans. The next time he crossed the river into Mexico he was arrested and imprisoned. He was finally released on the ground that his offense was committed in the United States, not in Mexico, and hence the latter's officials could not punish him for it. 3.—The bullion silver bill, passed Feb. 28, 1878, makes the standard silver dollar legal tender in any amount, and its coinage compulsory at a rate not less than $2,000,000 worth of silver bullion per month, nor more than $4,000,000 worth.

Time to Cut Timber.

S. R. M. Briggs, Arkansas, writes: "It is well known that the first stage of decomposition of vegetable substances is fermentation, or *souring*. Now, the warmer the atmosphere the sooner will wood season, and worms be prevented from entering; besides, being dry, there is less available food for them in it. In winter the tree does not secrete as much sap, and the following winter there is full of the very food the borers require. As the summers are not only warmer but drier, it follows that timber will season more rapidly than during the cold, wet winter. This is particularly true of hard wood. And here let me submit a hint to farmers: trees deadened in winter will soon rot down; deadened in summer, they will stand many years, supposing them to be sound at first. I prefer to have them rot as quickly as possible, fertilizing the soil and getting out of the way. Finely rotted wood, (especially oak, hickory and elm) on top of the ground, between rows of corn or potatoes, will do more good, particularly during a dry season, than any animal manure."

The Blair Sunday Bill.

M. R., West Branch, Iowa: The Blair resolution for the amendment to the constitution never stood the slightest show of passing Congress; and should it do so, it would be utterly impossible of adoption by the requisite number of states. Nor would it be an "union of church and state," even did it pass. You don't understand what the phrase means. The church is supported by the government in England, Germany, and in other countries where there is a state church. It is this which is meant by an union of church and state. There is no need of getting excited over the matter, anyhow; for even if this constitutional amendment were adopted, it could not be enforced, and would not be. You will find, if you investigate the history of the Sabbath, that your ideas are crude, and your application of the prophecies in Revelation ridiculous, in the light of the most recent critical research.

Illinois Land Grants.

W. P., Amissville, Ore.: Your statement is not correct. The national government granted to the state of Illinois certain government lands to aid in internal improvements. The state sold a portion of these lands and with the proceeds built the Illinois and Michigan canal, some 140 miles long, from La Salle, on the Illinois river, to Chicago. The state also granted the bulk of the lands to the Illinois Central Railroad, to build its road from Cairo to Chicago, the company agreeing to pay the state 7 per cent. of its earnings annually in perpetuity. The road was built, and the 7 per cent. which the state receives every year is the main source of revenue to the state, largely decreasing taxation. These are the main facts in the case.

"Turning Back the Clock."

G. N. C., writes: "May I ask an explanation for the turning back of the hands of the clock during the inaugural ceremony? In the press report it is called 'staying the march of time.' It reads: 'No Congress could adjourn without Capt. Bassett turning back the hands on the clock,' etc. Is it an actual necessity or only custom?"

Congress adjourns at noon on March 4. If they are not quite through at the time, it is common custom for the doorkeeper to turn back the hands of the clock, as the House is supposed to be governed by that time-piece. The notion has its origin in the old English custom to the effect that "No Congress could adjourn without turning back the hands," it simply a satirical statement. There is no law on the subject, of course.

The Samoan Trouble.

A. W. F., Bailey, Mich.: The Samoan trouble originated in the civil wars among the natives. Malietoa, the king, was engaged in war with a rebel chief, Tamasese, who aspired to be king. There are a large number of German residents upon the islands, as well as many Americans. Tamasese was under German influence, therefore the Germans favored his pretensions. Malietoa was taken on a German war vessel to another island, where he is living in exile. His principal chief, Mataafa, continued the war, however, and at last accounts Tamasese and his few followers were practically driven into a fortified camp, and the rest of the islands were under Mataafa's direction. The agreement you speak of was made by the representatives of the United States, England and Germany at Samoa.

Miscellaneous.

J. C. B., Rockville, Neb.: We have not a copy of the poem "Two Glasses."

R. B., Salina, Colo.: Allen Pinkerton, the detective, was born in Scotland.

A. V. S., Woodbine, Iowa: The latest maps give La Paz as the capital of Batavia.

R. A., Ashland, Ill.:—John Brown was hanged at Charlestown, Va., on December 2, 1859.

Joe, New Straitsville, O.: We know nothing of the firm, nor whether they are in business yet.

F. P. H., Stockton, Cal.: 1.—Boston was founded in 1630, but we do not know the date of its incorporation. 2.—No.

J. W. A., Green, Wyo.: Spurgeon's sermons are published in book form, and any bookseller can ascertain for you the cost per volume.

C. O. C., Parsons, Kan.: We do not know the nearest dental college to your city. Any dentist can probably tell you. No answers by mail.

S. F. S., White City, Kan.: Probably you could get the information you seek by applying to the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, Pa. Pen-name, Norristown, Pa.. When the court assigns a lawyer to defend a person on trial it is on account of the prisoner's poverty. The lawyer receives no pay; acting for the court in the interest of justice.

P. A. S., Bethania, N. C.: Write a letter of inquiry to the publisher, inclosing stamp, and ask him what the price of the book is.

M. P., West Salem, Wis.: Chicago has 24 railroads, counting those that pass through as one, not two lines; Kansas City has 15 lines.

M. P., West Salem, Wis.: It is probably true that General Grant at times used liquors, but not to the extent indicated in your question.

W. A. D., Heela, Mont.: We do not know of any paper in Ohio by the name you mention. Consult a newspaper directory, which any printing office can loan you.

Student, Lafayette, Ind.: When a man coming to this country gives an assumed name, being only known by it and naturalized under it, it becomes his legal name.

Subscriber, Stanberry, Mo.: All the information we can give as to obtaining places in the railway mail service is given in the BUREAU of March 21, headed, "The Railway Mail Service."

W. H. S., Rowlesburg, W. Va.: The Knights of Labor is a secret organization, largely non-political; the Union Labor party is a political party, whose aims are practically the same as those of the Knights.

J. L. D., Springfield, O.: It is cheaper in the long run to buy a galvanic battery than to make it. Any telegraph office manager can give you the addresses of firms dealing in batteries and other electrical supplies.

E. M., Meyersburg, Mont.: There is a portion of Kansas City on the Kansas side of the Missouri state line. The boundry runs up the middle of a street. Kansas City, Kan., has a separate postoffice, and is in Wyandotte county.

C. M. S., Hamilton, O.: We have no back copies containing "Whistling in Heaven." If some one will send us a copy, we will republish it. As a rule we can not do this, but this poem is so good we think all our readers will be glad to re-read it.

C. D., Higginsport, O.: We do not recall of whom or by whom it was said, "When the ermine of the official robe fell on him, it touched nothing less spotless than itself." It is a bit of bladdery rhetoric, and a first-class sample of inflated fustian.

Calus, Sacramento, Cal.: We cannot recommend any firm of coin dealers in this column, as it would be advertising. If it does not reach THE BLADE readers, they must go in the advertising columns and pay for it. See Rules 2 and 3 above.

Veteran, Dayton: There is no special reason for fixing on May 30 as the date of Decoration Day, so far as we know, except that the date is convenient, in the greater part of the country, for obtaining flowers, and is an easy date to fix in the public mind.

C. B., Santa Maria, Cal.: The guillotine was used in France during the French revolution, and is yet. It was also used in Germany during the Middle Ages; the Dutch also used it in the 18th century; but, to our knowledge, it was never used in America.

L. J. T., Morris, Ill.: 1.—We do not recall the allusion. 2.—Phosphorus is supplied to the body in various kinds of food which contain it in small quantities. Nerve stimulants, miscalled "brain food," should never be taken except under the advice of a good physician.

W. C., ——:—Grover Cleveland has not gone to farming. He is a member of a law firm in New York city. We do not understand what you mean by your other question, viz.: the difference between "Eastern Democracy and Republicanism." Make it more definite and we will answer.

S. R., Hue, O.: 1.—Engineers on lake steam vessels are licensed by the U. S. inspectors, who visit the different lake ports at stated times. There is no fee. 2.—Firemen on lake vessels get from $20 to $30 a month and board. 3.—For a situation as fireman you will have to apply to vessel-owners.

T. E. T., Osyka, Miss.: Total cash in the U. S. Treasury by statement of March 1, 1884, $386,293,451. Total cash in Treasury, by statement of March 1, 1889, $607,387,568. The performance of the Democratic administration in surplus reduction is clearly shown by the above official figures.

F. J. M., Oberlin, O.: The name of the man who first brought slaves to America is not known. In August, 1619, a Dutch vessel at Jamestown, Virginia, landed fourteen slaves in exchange for provisions. This is the only instance in the history in which a beginning of the trade can be determined.

P. C. W., Coffeen, Ind., writes: In reply to the query, "Why was the first Indiana regiment called the Sixth?" I wish to say that Indiana and Illinois had each furnished respectively, five and seven regiments in the Mexican war. Indiana's first regiment was numbered the 6th and Illinois's first regiment was numbered the 7th.

W. J. L., Westphalia, Kan.: 1.—The High Joint Commission, composed of commissioners from Great Britain and the United States, met in Washington in 1872, and made a treaty relating to the Canadian fisheries between the two countries. 2.—There was no war called "The Bastile War." The Bastile was destroyed during the French Revolution.

F. B. J., Fresno, Cal.: 1.—The idea of the Tapolobampo colony was to establish a communistic society. It is not a success, and most of those who joined it have left, we understand. 2.—We do not understand how national banks can be oppressive to the people. They work the same as any banks, except that they deposit United States bonds in the treasury at Washington as security for their circulation. If the bank fails, the notes are good.

W. C., Rockville, Mo.: The charge of the *Voice* and its refusal, by its employes to stole a printed copy of its mailing sheets, and sold them to the Republican National committee. If the charge were true, that paper should have at once instituted legal proceedings against the thieves and the receivers of stolen property, or it chimed to have the proof. As it has never done so, and evinces no disposition so to do, we feel justified in assuming that the story was false.

H. C. B., Deer Lodge, Mont.: 1.—The best time on a level record, 100 yards, was made by George Seward (an American), on a turnpike road, at Hammersmith, England, September 30, 1844. 2.—The best standing long jump was made by G. W. Hamilton, at Romeo, Mich., October 9, 1879; distance 14 feet, 6½ inches. 3.—The best running long jump was made by John Howard, at the Chester race course, England, May 8, 1854: distance, 29 feet, 7 inches.

T. L. P., Sater, O.:—The "Republican idea of the tariff" is clearly set forth in the national platform of last year. Probably the shortest summary would be this: That protection is necessary to maintain our industrial advance, and to keep up the standard of wages; that all articles that can be manufactured or produced here shall be protected; and that the amount of the duty on any article shall, as nearly as can be ascertained, be fixed at the difference between the cost of production here and abroad.

E. R. H., Hathaway, Tenn.: Charlie Ross was stolen July 1, 1874, and has never been found. His father, for years, received letters from different localities and from many people, purporting to have traces that would lead to his discovery. The broken-hearted parent wandered further and thither, hoping to find a clue. It is not probable now that he will ever be recovered. Meantime, if living, he has grown to manhood, which would add to the difficulty of recognizing him.

B. M. F., Foster, Mo.: 1.—We do not understand what you mean by "the ratio of the months." For what is it used, and in what books is it mentioned? Give us a clue to work on, and we will find for you. 2.—The first or principal meridian" used in government land surveys was established by law of Congress of May 18, 1796, and runs north from the mouth of the Great Miami river, a few miles below Cincinnati. The other principal meridians are numbered successively westward, one degree apart.

H. B. H., Ensign, Kan.: Your question is not specific. You ask, "What is the fastest time ever made by a race-horse?" Do you mean trotting or running? and in what way of going? Here are the fastest: trots: Single: Maud S., 2:08¾, 1 mile against time, in harness, accompanied the distance by a running horse, Glenville, O., July 30, 1885. Maud S., 2:13¾, 1 mile, first half of a race between horses, at Chicago, July 24, 1880; H. B. Winship, 2:06, 1 mile, with running mate, Providence, R. I., August 1, 1884; Frank, 2:08¾, 1 mile, with running mate, Brooklyn, November 15, 1883. We have not Eclipse's time.

Mrs. M. C., Deerfield: You are entirely confused in your ideas of church history. The primitive Christians, in the time of the apostles, clearly understood that the old dispensation was abrogated by Christ's coming, and they began the custom of celebrating the first day of the week in honor of Christ's resurrection. The edict of Constantine merely made the Christian custom the law of the Roman Empire, and it is ridiculous to say that he or "the Catholic church" changed the Sabbath. There is no "Catholic" church then, in the sense in which you use the word. You should read some critical modern works on such matters, and not cling to the theories that have been clearly disproved long ago.

L. M. D., West Union, W. Va.: "Will you please give the capital stock and number of share holders of the four leading trunk line rail roads in the United States?" The following is the capitalization of the four largest trunk lines:

Pennsylvania railroad	$106,544,500
New York Central	49,428,300
Baltimore & Ohio	14,792,566
Missouri Pacific	43,874,850

It is utterly impossible to give the number of share holders. The shares are bought and sold on the stock exchanges every day, and the number of holders, of course, varies from day to day.

B. F. V., Michigan City, Ind.: Your question on etiquette should have been sent to the HOUSEHOLD, but we will answer it here. When a gentleman takes a lady to a hotel, they should enter by the ladies' entrance, and proceed to the parlor. After seating the lady, the gentleman can go to the office and register (never "John Smith and *lady*," but always the names of both parties), and arrange for rooms. The chambermaid will conduct the lady to her room, of course. The gentleman must not go to the lady's door and knock to escort her to her meals, etc., but is to meet her in the parlor. If it becomes necessary to communicate with her when she is in her room, send the bell-boy with a request for her to come to the parlor.

PROF. WM. H. THOMPSON of the chair of Materia Medica in the University of the City of New York, says: "Bright's Disease has no symptoms of its own, but has the symptoms of every other disease." Disorders apparently remote and distinct from kidney disease are removed by using Warner's Safe Cure.

BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Dull Aches, Pains and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

SSS SSS

I am satisfied that Cancer is hereditary in my family. My father died of it, a sister of my mother died of it. My feelings may be imagined, then, when the horrible disease made its appearance on my side. It was a malignant Cancer, eating inwardly in such a way that it could not be cut out. Numerous remedies were used for it, but the Cancer grew steadily worse, until it seemed that I was doomed to follow the others of the family. I took Swift's Specific, which, from the first day, forced out the poison, and continued its use until I had taken several bottles, when I found myself well. I know that S. S. S. cured me.

Winston, N. C., Nov. 26, '88. MRS. S. M. IDOL.

Send for Book on Cancer and Blood Diseases.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

WHY SIXTY SECONDS?

Prof. Max Muller Explains the Sexagesimal System.

Why is our hour divided into 60 minutes, each minute into 60 seconds, etc.? Simply and solely because in Babylonia there existed, by the side of the decimal system of notation, another system, the sexagesimal, which counted by sixties. Why that number should have been chosen is clear enough, and it speaks well for the practical sense of those ancient Babylonian merchants. There is no number which has so many divisors as 60. The Babylonians divided the sun's daily journey into 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia. Each parasang or hour was subdivided into 60 minutes. A parasang is a German mile, and Babylonian astronomers compared the progress made by the sun during one hour at the time of the equinox to the progress made by a good walker during the same time, both accomplishing one parasang. The whole course of the sun during the 24 hours equinoctical hours was fixed at 24 parasangs, or 720 stadia, or 360 degrees. This system was handed down to the Greeks, and Hipparchus, the great Greek philosopher, who lived about 150 B. C., introduced the Babylonian hour into Europe. Ptolemy, who wrote about 150 A. D., and whose name still lives in that of the Ptolemaic system of astronomy, gave still wider currency to the Babylonian way of reckoning time. It was carried along on the quiet stream of traditional knowledge through the Middle Ages, and strange to say, it sailed down safely over the Niagara of the French revolution. For the French, when revolutionizing weights, measures, coins and dates, and subjecting all to the decimal system of reckoning, were induced by some unexplained motive to respect our clocks and watches, and allowed our dials to remain sexagesimal, that is, Babylonian, each hour consisting of 60 minutes. Here you see again the wonderful coherence of the world, and how what we call knowledge is the result of an unbroken tradition of a teaching descending from father to son. Not more than about a hundred arms would reach from us to the builders of the palaces of Babylon, and enable us to shake hands with the founders of the oldest pyramids and to thank them for what they have done for us.—*Fortnightly Review.*

The Causes of Death.

Our readers are doubtless familiar with the Robinson poisoning cases, which have recently come to light in Somerville, Mass., a suburb of Boston.

It seems that eight deaths have occurred from arsenical poisoning, seven in one family, and within five years. It is doubtful if the murderers would have been brought to justice had not an organization in which the victims were insured began an investigation as to why so many persons had suddenly died in one family.

But the sensation from a medical point of view connected with the case, took place in Boston at a recent meeting of the Massachusetts Medico-Legal society, when it was stated by Dr. Holt that there was general ignorance of the symptoms of arsenical poisoning, and because of such ignorance the Robinson poisoning cases had gone on without arousing the suspicion of medical men. The Robinson cases were all treated by regular physicians, with correct diplomas, men supposed to know what they were doctoring for, and to know the effect of drugs on certain diseases. Yet while the deaths from arsenical poisoning, of which we speak, certificates of death were given for pneumonia, typhoid fever, meningitis, bowel diseases and Bright's Disease.

Is it any wonder that patients are losing faith in their doctors?

In the very same manner thousands of patients are being treated this day for pneumonia, heart trouble, dropsy, incipient consumption, etc., when these are but symptoms of advanced kidney disease, which is but another name for Bright's disease. The doctors do not strike at the seat of the disease—the kidneys, and if they did nine times out of ten they would fail—as they are on record as saying they can not cure Bright's disease of the kidneys. Father Kidney's Pain Cure, a well-known specific for this and all other forms of kidney disease they would let their patients die, and then give a death certificate that death was caused by pericarditis, apoplexy, phthisis or cardiac affection.

Is this not the honest truth? Do you not know in your own personal history very many instances where physicians doctored the wrong disease, and caused untold suffering, and many times, death?

THE SMOKING HABIT.

How Manners and Customs Change From Time to Time.

Nothing changes more than the outside laws and formulas of politeness. Within the memory of any sexagenarian the whole code has been altered. Where, fifty years ago, "to take wine" with your next door across the table was as much an expected attention, an obligatory act of courtesy, as to salute you on entering the room, the man who should do this, save at a supremely intimate and half-jocular gathering, would be as much "out of it" as if he were to lay his hand on his heart, bow as low as his knees and assure "madam," his fair friend, that he was her own humble servant, as he put his finger tips. Fifty years ago no gentleman could have smoked in the presence of ladies. The unmarried girl or young wife of a certain social status met walking with a man puffing a cigar would have gone home with a few shreds less of character than she had set out with. But who has a word to say now? Now we have the cigars and cigarettes brought in with the coffee immediately after dinner, and no one is offended. The men are not considered too free, the women do not hold themselves cavalierly treated when the dainty little appliances for lighting, ash and cutting go the round of the table, and the fragrant "batons" are lovingly handled and regarded. Often, indeed, one of these ladies will herself request to have such a fine prime old soul think the exhibition shocking the younger accept it as a matter of taste, and either decline or determine to try, according to their individual liking, with no moral afterthought whatever.

On this special question of smoking in the presence of ladies we offer no opinion. Those who like it and those who dislike it must settle the matter between them. It is one of those movable and temporary items which depend wholly on acceptance. In Spain, the East, South America, ladies smoke with and like the men. There are reasons for and reasons against the practice, but as we said, these must be discussed by each man for herself, and those who will may and those who do not wish are not obliged, but the one does not lose the finer part of her character and the other is not guilty of unjust prudery unless she confounds the practice with the person, and because she dislikes the former condemns the latter.

THE STORY OF THE CHAIR BACK.

It Used to Be for Defense, but Gave Way to Vanity.

The changes in the height of the chair back have not been purely arbitrary. Its early mission was not only one of support, but also one of defense from any sudden attack in the rear, an explanation likely to lessen enthusiasm over mediæval life. It should be remarked, however, that even if the master of the house deemed it necessary to put his person in safety he did not have any serious apprehension for the other dwellers in the house or for visitors, so that in each room there was one seat with a very high back reserved for the seignior, while the others had either no backs at all or very insignificant ones. Thus there came about a development sufficiently curious, and the seat with a high back became by custom the mark of dignity and power.

Finally the wig became responsible for revolution. When the wig began to descend to the back the high chair back became very uncomfortable. The curls of hair, wool and silk which composed the monumental structure that every fashionable man believed he ought to wear entangled themselves in projections or adhered to the fabric, and produced in the toilet a disorder most offensive to the majestic dignity of the time. One alternative then presents itself, either to renounce the wig or to cut down the backs of the chairs. They resigned themselves to this last measure, and the wig comes out the victor in this singular contest. Afterward the high chair back lost all significance.

In the eighteenth century there was a new and last revolution. The chair back, which in the preceding century had diminished in size, suddenly becomes pliable as it were, takes a rounded form, becomes small, convenient, agreeable, and ceases completely to be solemn.

Wanamaker's Wire.

Mr. Wanamaker has a special telegraph wire running from his business establishment in Philadelphia directly to his office in the Postoffice department. By this means he is kept informed of what is being done in Philadelphia, and can be consulted at any moment.—*Washington Star.*

Marital Amenities.

Amateur (showing his wife about the studio)—This is my last picture.

Fond Wife—Ah! if I were only sure of it! —*Harper's Bazaar.*

PEACE AND PASSION.

WO days of my life come crowding up
When I lift from the past the curtain,
One with a tender, gentle grace,
And one with a glare uncertain.
Two days; but two. Two days of all days,
But two from the myriad singled,
Two golden glints of the ruddy gold
In a dash of silver mingled.

I name them my East and Western days,
With their shadow-lights and fringes,
Their sapphire shades and silver sheens,
Their ash and amber tinges.

One day like the West when the sun goes down
In a bed of burnished splendor,
And one like the East when the twilight comes
With a mellow moon and tender.

One like the West when the wild waves dance
To the wind god's passioned sounding,
And one like the East when the ring-dove mourns
For its dead mate's tender cooing.

One day wrapped round in the crimson glow
Of all pain and passion blended,
And one wrapped close in the winding sheet
Of all pain and passion ended.
One day, voluptuous Western queen,
Beguiles with her jewel flashes,
And one my pale, sweet Eastern saint,
My Magdalene in ashes.

Two days are enough for a life, I trow,
And for all that life may beget,
Enough to drink of the bubbling bowl,
And enough quite for regret.

—*Boston Courier.*

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

The Best Tonic

known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

About Women.

Maxims from the Sacred Books of India.

"He who despises woman despises his mother."

"Who is cursed by a woman is cursed by God."

"The tears of a woman call down the fire of heaven on those who make them flow."

"Evil to him who laughs at a woman's suffering; God shall laugh at his prayers."

"It was at the prayer of a woman that the Creator pardoned man. Cursed be he who forgets it."

"Who shall forget the sufferings of the mother at his birth shall be reborn in the body of an owl during three successive transmigrations."

"There is no crime more odious than to persecute woman."

"When woman are honored the divinities are content; but when they are not honored all undertakings fail."

"The households cursed by women to whom they have not rendered the homage due them find themselves weighed down with ruin and destroyed, as they had been struck by some secret power."

Mrs. Blaine's Only Photograph.

An effort was recently made by a leading New York daily paper to obtain a photograph of Mrs. James G. Blaine for reproduction, and it was ascertained that she had never had her picture taken except on one occasion; that was when she and Mr. Blaine made their famous coaching trip in Scotland.

Then in a group she consented to appear before the camera, and an excellent likeness was obtained. There are but few of these pictures in existence, one of them being in the possession of Mr. Manley

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1889.

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ROBINSON LOCKE,..... Editor.

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"DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?"—GEN. NEAL DOW ON MAINE.

The Brooklyn *Eagle*, having given currency to an erroneous statement of the views of NEAL DOW, that Nestor of Prohibition, on its success in his own state of Maine, he has written, under date of March 18, a letter of correction, which is in all respects so excellent that we reproduce the main portion of it entire. After quoting in full the erroneous paragraph, Gen. Dow goes on to say:

Prohibition has never failed anywhere *when it has had a fair trial.* That is to say, everywhere it has diminished the volume of the liquor traffic, and, in many places, has extinguished it entirely. I have never admitted that "the Maine law is a vain law," on the contrary, a thousand times and more, on the platform and in the press, have declared it to be a great success.

For more than twenty years I have been endeavoring, unsuccessfully, to obtain certain amendments to our law to correct some defects in it which would in six months suppress the small remnant of the liquor traffic which yet lingers in our cities and large towns. We had many distilleries and breweries in Maine, seven of the former—large ones—and two of the latter behind in Portland; the law has long ago suppressed them all. The liquor traffic in Maine is reduced to one-twentieth of its former proportions.

In more than three-fourths of our territory, containing far more than three-fourths of our people, the traffic is practically unknown. An entire generation has grown up there, never having seen a rum shop or the results of one. Our state saves annually, directly and indirectly, more than $20,000,000, which, under any form of license, would be spent and wasted in drink. In the old rum time, Maine was the poorest state in the Union, spending in strong drink the entire value of all its property in every period of twenty years, as the nation is now doing in every period of thirty-five years.

As one of the results of the law, Maine is now the most prosperous states in the Union. After more than thirty years experience of the benefits of prohibition our people in 1884 put it into the constitution by a majority of 47,076, the affirmative vote being three times larger than the negative. I fell myself warranted in declaring the Maine law to be a great success. In Maine the word failure is never seen or heard in connection with prohibition. It is our friends in distant parts of the country who are continually proclaiming that old, old egror to the world.

Mr. Dow's position coincides exactly with that taken by THE BLADE in an article a week ago—that, measured by the standard of efficiency of other prohibitory statutes, the Prohibition of the liquor traffic can be as well enforced as any other. That it is so in Maine, his letter amply shows. We doubt if the laws prohibiting theft, or the social evil, are violated to any greater extent than that prohibiting the sale of Rum. Public opinion has been unconsciously influenced by the enemies of Prohibition, who have unreasonably demanded that the law shall at once effectually stop the sale at any and every point, and render even a single violation absolutely impossible. Because it can not do all these things, they loudly proclaim that "Prohibition does not prohibit." They thus seek to set up a severer standard whereby to measure its efficiency than that by which all other restrictive laws are judged.

Taking NEAL DOW'S own statement as to the workings of Prohibition in Maine, does not Prohibition pay the people of that commonwealth? Is not the $20,000,000 which are saved annually to her citizens in itself an overwhelming argument in favor of Prohibition? With the curse absolutely removed from three-fourths of the state, and the traffic driven into holes and corners in the remaining part, so that Rum can only be obtained even there by men who go out of their way to search for it, a tremendous temptation is removed from the daily lives of the young men and boys of the Pine Tree State. They are not in danger of being drawn into the ranks of possible drunkards. "Treating" is no longer a social custom. Men do not drink for what is falsely called "sociability." If a man in Maine wants Rum, he has to seek for it. With a very large number of the population, there is no possible inducement to lead them to search out the criminals who are too lazy to work and too cowardly to steal, and hence go to Rum selling, thus making law-breakers of themselves.

The opening sentence of the extract from Gen. Dow's letter, which we have taken the liberty of italicizing, is one that needs consideration. It not only applies to Maine, but to all parts of the Union. There is one state in which Prohibition never has "had a fair trial"—Rhode Island. The constitutional amendment was adopted when the state legislature had a Democratic majority, and the laws for carrying the amendment into effect are inefficient. The officers charged with its execution were either hostile or indifferent. The result was that under the Democratic regime the amendment was a dead letter, and the people soon became habituated to its continued, open and unpunished violation. Rhode Island, too, having such a small area, has a very much less proportion of rural inhabitants to the dwellers in towns and cities. It is admitted that while Prohibitory laws are easy of enforcement in the country districts, where the people are largely in their favor, it is difficult to do so in cities, especially those containing a large foreign-born population. Hence there are special obstacles to the enforcement of Prohibition in Rhode Island, growing out of its very large urban population in proportion to its rural dwellers. Then, too, with the officials hostile to it, it is easy to see that if Prohibition be a failure in Rhode Island, as is charged, it is no exception to Gen. Dow's dictum: "Prohibition has never failed anywhere where it has had a fair trial."

We believe it will have a fair trial in Pennsylvania and in Massachusetts, if the amendments carry in those states; and we consequently believe it will be a success. If it drives the open saloon out of existence, saves the people millions of dollars every year—which millions, instead of going into the clutches of the Rum Power, will be paid out to men engaged in legitimate lines of business—the grocers, the dry goods men, the clothing merchants, the boot and shoe dealers, the furniture men, etc. The rising generation will be free from one of the strongest temptations that can assail them. The prosperity of both states would be largely increased, as has been the case in Maine. There would be no Rum millionaires, but a great increase in the number of well-to-do workmen and farmers. So long as the saloon is allowed to exist, no matter how high the license tax that may be imposed, so long these things can not be. The thing to do in both these states, with their great masses of sober, God-fearing citizens to back up the enforcement of the law, is not to restrict the saloon and allow it to live, but to crush it out entirely; to exterminate it, root and branch. Where the choice is between free Rum and high license, take the latter every time, because it is better to have the traffic restricted than to have it without any restriction. But when the battle is between high license and Prohibition, as it practically is in both states named, the thing to do is to destroy the traffic; adopt Prohibition, and see that it is enforced; and by so doing conserve the best interests of the whole people, and at the same time

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE "OLD WAR SONGS."

THE BLADE begins to-day the publication, of the most famous of the war songs of the Rebellion—the glorious lyrics that were struck out when the nation was at a white heat of patriotic fervor, and that renewed in the people that unfaltering trust in the ultimate triumph of the cause of Union and Freedom. The old saying, "Let me but make the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws," has in it a great truth. The songs and ballads of the war era had a most powerful effect in moulding and fixing public sentiment, and we are sure that a complete collection of the more noted will be a feature that will be highly prized by THE BLADE'S readers.

We are using all care to obtain absolutely correct copies of the words, and each will be published entire and complete. This week we give "Brave Boys are They" and the famous old "John Brown's Body."

PREMIUMS WITH THE BLADE.

For two subscribers to the Weekly BLADE and $2 we will give as a premium a choice of either portrait announced in the BLADE portrait gallery. For three subscribers and $3 we will mail, post paid, either of the paper-covered books named in our book advertisement in another column. For five subscribers and $5 we offer a choice of "Health and Beauty" or "Social Etiquette." For six subscribers and $6 we will give a copy of "Andersonville," or "Nasby in Exile," or "Hannah Jane," or "Old Doctor Carlin's Recipes." For fifteen subscribers and $15 we will give a Mascot Watch. For eighteen subscribers and $18 we offer a Blade Wringer. For 75 subscribers and $75 we will give a Blade Sewing Machine. Except in the case of the Sewing Machine offer, we require the whole club in one remittance. Here is an opportunity to earn something for almost any sized club. Besides this, we pay the most liberal cash commissions, to these who prefer to work for cash, of any weekly paper in the field. Write us for *confidential* terms to agents. We want agents everywhere. Now is the time to raise clubs.

A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

General LOGAN is dead, but that his memory still lives is proven by the fact that Senators FARWELL and CULLOM, of Illinois, refused to vote for the confirmation of MURAT HALSTEAD yesterday. When Senator LOGAN refused to vote for the investigation into the methods of which Senator PAYNE was elected, HALSTEAD was very bitter on the Illinois senator, and the latter never forgave him. CULLOM undoubtedly feels bound to carry out what he knows would have been the wishes of his deceased colleague, and FARWELL, who is LOGAN'S successor, is probably actuated by the same motives. The reason of the other senators' objections to HALSTEAD is that they, as well as General LOGAN, were the objects of his attacks. The controversy is a most unfortunate one, and it would seem as if the senators should sink their private grievances in a case where the appointment is so evidently a proper one.

On Wednesday, April 3, occurs the Rhode Island election. There are practically four parties in the field, viz, the Republican and Democratic parties, the third party Prohibitionists, and the anti-resubmissionists. Both the Republicans and Democrats stand upon a platform of resubmitting the prohibitory amendment. This has led to a division of the Republicans, a small portion of them having nominated for this election candidates averse to resubmission. The Legislature elected on Wednesday will decide whether the prohibitory amendment shall be again submitted to a popular vote. It is not expected that any choice of state officers will be made by the people, but that the Legislature will have to elect them, as well as act upon the prohibitory amendment. It is a peculiar election. Neither the Republicans nor Democrats are apparently exerting themselves very much. All the same, it is probable a large vote will be cast.

THE effort of the Democratic newspapers to cast discredit on President HARRISON'S Cabinet by making out its members to be rich men, is simply fancy. As standards of riches go nowadays, there is probably not a rich man in it. Messrs. BLAINE, NOBLE, PROCTOR and TRACY are understood to be well off, and Mr. WANAMAKER is a prosperous merchant, but probably not even he can begin to cast a financial shadow like that of Mr. WHITNEY, Mr. CLEVELAND'S secretary of the Navy. Mr. WINDOM, Mr. MILLER and Gen. RUSK are not so well-to-do as their colleagues, unless common report does them injustice. Putting party comparisons aside, it may not be amiss to suggest that by paying the Cabinet officers such meagre salaries, we shut out poor men from these places, or compel them to make sacrifices which we have no right to demand.

THE discussion of the closing of Behring Sea, by a law passed in the closing hours of the last Congress, and the official proclamation of the fact by the President, calls to mind the splendid prevision of WM. H. SEWARD, who was secretary of State when the purchase of Alaska from Russia was made, and who probably was the originator of the project. It was also strongly favored by CHARLES SUMNER, then chairman of the Foreign Affairs committee of the Senate. Alaska cost $7,200,000, which was paid in gold to Russia. Since the purchase, twenty-two years ago, the seal fur company has paid into the United States Treasury $9,000,000, and it is estimated that after a little development the annual productions of the country and adjacent islands will amount to $10,000,000 a year. It was a very shrewd stroke of business on the part of Mr. SEWARD.

THE report comes by cable that LOUIS KOSSUTH is dying. The famed Hungarian patriot has reached the ripe old age of 87, he being born April 27, 1802. He was the leader in the successful effort for the independence of Hungary in 1848, and was compelled to take refuge in Turkey to avoid punishment for treason against the Austrian government. In 1851 the Congress of the United States invited him to visit this country, and the war steamer Mississippi was sent bring him across the Atlantic. He made a tour of the country and delivered many addresses on the question of the independence of Hungary.

AN investigation has begun at the Brooklyn navy yard, it being charged that a large number of steel plates and iron work for the new vessels building were ruined by inexperienced workmen, who were employed last fall a few weeks prior to the election solely for political purposes. It is alleged that the spoiled work was thrown into the river, in order to remove all evidence. Secretary TRACY seems to be thoroughly in earnest in his determination to have only competent workmen in the employ of the government.

REFORM THAT REFORMS.

The shocking inefficiency of the railway postal service is to be remedied, and that promptly. It is to be done, of course, in the only way that it could be quickly done—by removing inefficient persons and restoring trained and capable men, familiar with the work. In one general order, the present incumbents have been removed and the old men reinstated, in five of the great divisions of the railway service. They are all men who, in their respective divisions, brought the railway mail service to such efficiency, and it was after their removal that the complaints of the demoralization in the service on the part of the public were heard, which have since continued. The weakest spot in the last administration of the Postoffice department was this service.

It is understood to be the purpose of the Postmaster General and of the President, so far as is possible, to restore to their old places the body of the rank and file of the working force of the postal cars, with the expectation that the postal service will be radically improved. It was for this reason that the rule extending the civil service rules to the railway mail service was extended by the President so that it should not take effect until May 1.

Meanwhile, it is probable that the superintendents of the different divisions will be very busy in discovering who the inefficient and green clerks are, and in removing them to make room for the old experts. It is very possible that some new clerks who are not experts will be appointed, but it is the avowed purpose of the new superintendents to restore the old efficient working force, so far as it is possible. It is expected that this will be done by May 1. Then the civil service rules will be made applicable to this service. The graduates from bar-rooms who hold places must go. This is a step in the direction of genuine reform.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Wherever his name is spoken or his deeds known, JOHN BRIGHT had friends. But in no country outside of his own, and perhaps not even there, did he have more or did he deserve more than in the United States. The many grand qualities of the man were enough to command respect and awaken admiration, but the thing which especially endeared him to Americans, was the stand he took during the war of the rebellion. In the darkest days of the struggle when human rights and human liberty was at stake and England, whose commercial relations were mainly with the South, was debating whether, taking sides with the confederacy, she should not end the matter at once, JOHN BRIGHT stood like a rock on the side of the right, and sacrificing his own private interests, which, as a large cotton manufacturer, were great, used all of his influence and used it successfully to keep England's hands off, and thus helped to preserve the Union. No foreigner and few Americans did as much for America as did JOHN BRIGHT in these trying times, and it was but right that the gratitude of Americans should be commensurate with the services he rendered them. The whole country will grieve at his death.

FREE SPECIMENS.

The BLADE desires to send specimen copies to many thousand families who are not subscribers. We invite everybody to send us the addresses of their friends and neighbors. Send as many names as you please. We wish to introduce the BLADE *everywhere.*

THOSE good people who are insisting on having forty-two stars on the American flag immediately are too previous. The legal number of stars on the blue union of the national banner to-day is thirty-eight, and thirty-eight it will remain until the 4th of July, 1890. North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington have not yet been admitted as states into the Union, and, consequently, they are not yet entitled to representation on the flag. They have only been authorized by law to prepare for admission. Their people have first to elect, in April, delegates to constitutional conventions. These conventions must prepare state constitutions, and these constitutions must be submitted in October, to the vote of the people, and state officers be elected. If the constitutions are then ratified by the popular vote, the President is required to issue a proclamation announcing the fact, and then, and then only, will North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington become states of the Union. The four stars, however, will not be added to the flag until the fourth day of July next succeeding, such being the provision of the general statutes of the United States.

THE report of the special committee to investigate the methods of doing business in the departments at Washington, is now ready for the printer. It shows that there is a vast deal of red tape method in some of them, which largely retards effective work. In the Pension and Land offices, for instance, it requires sometimes as long as four or five years to settle a claim or get information of certain kinds. There are claims undisposed of in both these offices that were filed as far back as 1884. Other departments keep up with current business, and have gotten out of the old formal ruts, through the business talent of their heads. The report declares that there is in many cases a disposition to ignore new and improved business methods, and recommends the creation of a commission with power to inaugurate all needed reforms. Something should certainly be done to facilitate work, and bring government methods into harmony with modern American ideas.

ENGLISH capitalists are reported to be investing heavily in the tin lands of Dakota. This is a matter that is well worth the attention of the American people. Practically, all the tin plate on the market is made in England. The tin mines in Cornwall are worked with constantly increasing difficulty, and the tin plate manufacturers view with alarm the possibility that an abundant supply of tin in America will lead to the establishment of tin plate factories here, which would, in the course of events, drive them out of the field. Hence they are, it is believed, endeavoring to control the new Dakota tin lands, so as to monopolize their output. It would seem that now is the opportunity to prevent this by having the lands controlled by American capital.

THE mugwumps in New York have begun to clamor anxiously for the retention of Postmaster PEARSON, of that city, and assume that President HARRISON'S conduct with regard to this appointment will be a crucial test of the sincerity of his adhesion to civil service reform. We are of the opinion that Mr. PEARSON will have to go, because he threw difficulties in the way of the Republican postoffice employes' voting at the Presidential election of 1884, and thus made himself no inconsiderable factor in securing the slender majority that gave CLEVELAND the electoral vote of New York, and consequently the Presidency. If due investigation proves the truth of the charge, Mr. PEARSON should go.

THE Nicaragua canal project seems to be going along swimmingly. Offers to buy bonds have come in for a total which warrants the advertising for bids to take contracts on the actual work. The company is proceeding in a business-like way, and the wild prodigality of expenditure that marked the Panama canal management will be avoided. We have no doubt the Nicaragua canal will be a success.

RUSSIAN DIPLOMACY IN EUROPE.

Russian diplomacy is untiring in pushing her interests southward. The possession of India and of Constantinople have been Russia's dream since the time of PETER the Great, and there is a steady working to that end. King MILAN, of Servia, has abdicated, the Empire of the North has had her will in Servian matters, and Russian influence has become predominant in that principality; and Russian attention is being turned to Bulgaria. Prince FERDINAND has given the great northern power an opportunity by interfering with the Greek church. And that Russia is not likely to fling away this opportunity, we can gather from the words of the Czar himself. M. DRAGAN ZANKOFF is a prominent Bulgarian and a pronounced friend of Russia. He has just returned from a visit to the Czar, and reported the results.

He assured his majesty that the majority of the Bulgarian people were devoted to Russia, and that they were beginning to perceive that they had been deceived by their present rulers. It was the hope of the Bulgarians, he said, that he would not lose his interest in the work of emancipation accomplished by his august father. The Czar professed his deep interest in all that concerned the memory of his illustrious father. He was troubled because of the dangers which threatened the orthodox church, and because of the measures taken against that church by Prince FERDINAND. The protection of that church and its interests would always be a matter of deep concern to his government. He concluded:

I hope that the Bulgarians themselves will expel their unlawful prince, notwithstanding the efforts which he is making to establish himself in the country.

Such language from the Czar himself is not encouraging for Prince FERDINAND; but it reveals the purpose of and foreshadows another triumph for Russia. After Bulgaria, Roumania and such Russian influence supreme at Belgrade, at Sofia and at Bucharest, Russian victory will be complete. The Czar will have accomplished his purpose without drawing the sword. For the outward manifestation of his victory he can afford to wait, and until there is some outward manifestations the Western powers will have no right to complain; and if the populations of those regions are in sympathy with Russia, complaint will be useless.

The Russianization of the southeast of Europe means a mighty revolution, and a complete change of the balance of power; but it would almost seem inevitable. Whatever the cause, the fact must be admitted the Germanizing scheme has not been successful. Prince BISMARCK has been blamed, but it is quite probable that race "influence and religious prejudice" have more to do with the present tendency of events than BISMARCK'S indifference or Austrian inability. The steady growth of Russian influence in the regions named points to the probability that diplomatic intrigue will accomplish the Russian dream of the rehabilitation of the Empire of the East, with the Czar on the throne, and Constantinople as his capital.

THE POSTOFFICES.

The effort to manufacture Democratic thunder out of the appointment of fourth-class postmasters by First Assistant Postmaster General CLARKSON has failed miserably. All the changes thus far made in this class of offices have been made for other than political reasons. A large number of the appointments made during the last administration were notoriously bad, a considerable number had been found to be delinquent in their accounts other changes had been made in order to secure better locations for the offices, and in many cases appointments had been made with a view to the removal of the offices from the vicinity of saloons. In every case of removal there had been good and sufficient cause therefor. In speaking of this matter, Mr. CLARKSON said the other day:

Perhaps it is not generally known that my predecessor, within the month or six weeks prior to the 4th of March made over a thousand appointments of fourth-class postmasters, for the purpose, apparently, of forcing them upon this administration. This course has never been pursued to my knowledge by any previous administration. During the last several weeks of President Arthur's term not a single fourth-class postmaster was appointed except in such instances where the exigencies of the services demanded it; and when Postmaster General Hatton resigned there were more than 3,000 resignations on file in his office. The commissions of the thousand appointees of my predecessor were, of course, withheld, and those vacancies with others are now being filled as rapidly as possible.

MARK TWAIN ON AMERICAN HUMOR.

At the recent meeting of an editorial association, one of the speakers, whose topic was "American Humor," read the following letter which he had received from MARK TWAIN (SAMUEL L. CLEMENS), in reply to a request for his views on the subject. It is well worth reading, and pervaded withal by that peculiar dry humor which many people find so attractive in his writings:

"Of course I cannot know what line you are going to follow, but your text suggests to me a word or two which I would like to say: If the quality of humor were lacking in any people, one might fairly expect to find that lack in the American Indian, since his grave and stoic side is so persistently kept before us in accounts of him. And yet he is brim full of rude humor, as Mr. Parkman has sufficiently shown. I have a superstition that humor is as much a part of a human being as it is of God himself, who made it, enjoys it, and has exhibited his fondness for it by casting examples and exponents of it in incredible number and infinite variety of form—forms whose fantastic animal and vegetable designs relieve with ever-recurring levities the vast gravity of nature, and in whose long procession you find things to charm and content all tastes; the artillery bug and the squid, the insectivorous plant and the jackass, the kitten and the polecat; and along down at the end, among the "citizens in carriages and on foot," you observe Burdette and the monkey and me.

"If one should ask, Why are some nations so serious, if humor has been distributed in equal measure among them? I should answer with the questions, Why is a Flathead Indian's skull the shape of great Cheops? Why isn't a strong bow straight? A nation's condition and its sky are the commission, I think, which must decide whether the nation's humor shall be smothered or allowed to sing. The more sunshine and the easier the life, the greater the measure of humor that will rise to the top. The French have not had an easier life than the English, but they have had a much sunnier sky; with England's sky, the French had been as serious as are the English.

"There is still another factor. Do you suppose an American is any more sensitive to humiliation than other folks? Oh, no; men are made about alike in that respect, too. A humiliated man is not humorous. Life under a monarchy and an aristocracy is a humiliation, all the way from infancy to the grave. Some may deny this. But these do not belong to the human race. I am talking about the human race.

"What I arrive at—if my premises are right, you understand—is this: The thing called American humor is misnamed; it has no parent, it is not peculiar, it is mere human humor, with the pressure lifted off, its chains broken, its spirit set free. Only once, in the world's history, have we seen a nation enjoying these several things all at the same time; a bright sky, a general freedom from the depressing bread-and-meat cares of life, and every man entitled to hold his head as high as his neighbor's. The result is the only example in history of human humor not in a state of arrested development.

"There it is, for better, for worse. You asked for something in a humorous vein; then you should have given me a dismal topic. Anybody can get a humorous paragraph or two out of things which are essentially unhumorous; but to do that when the text is humor its very self, is to put up a hand which no man can call. Anybody can mix blue and yellow and make green, but nobody can make green out of two yellows. Whoso striveth against the laws of God, the same shall get left. Truly yours,

S. L. CLEMENS."

WHAT between getting no appointments worth speaking of, and not having those confirmed, Ohio will soon think she is in the soup.

AN ERROR CORRECTED.

We have received a letter from a subscriber in Montana to which we desire to call the attention, not only of the gentleman himself, but of our subscribers in general. He says:

As my subscription for your paper is near up, I will not renew for more than one reason.

My letter for publication which I sent you was not published. If it was not suitable or not properly constructed, you should have sent it back, with the grammatical errors corrected, if any. It would have proved interesting to some of your readers in some parts of Ohio.

Although our friend speaks of more than one reason for not renewing his subscription, he gives but one, viz: that his letter was not published. He seems to assume that his being a subscriber renders it imperative that we shall publish whatever he may choose to send us for that purpose. In this he is in error.

We believe THE BLADE to be worth far more than the small cost of a yearly subscription to any intelligent man. If it is not, we don't expect him to continue it. But the contract between publisher and subscriber is simply this: The latter pays for fifty-two numbers of the Weekly BLADE, and the former is to supply them. There is no obligation on either side to do more. The being a subscriber gives a man no right to control the columns of the paper by dictating what must be published.

If we were under obligation to publish all the letters that are sent us by our patrons for that purpose, we would not have room for anything else in THE BLADE, there are so many of them. We are glad to receive them, and frequently use them, or use points suggested by them in editorial discussion. Space will not admit of publication of one-quarter of them. The editor is obliged to use his judgment as to what is of most interest to readers of THE BLADE everywhere.

It is not to be understood, if a letter is not published, that it is not worthy of space. It simply means that, out of the great mass of good letters we are constantly receiving, we preferred others, on the ground that they were of more interest to *all* our readers. We do not recall the letter to which our correspondent refers; but if it was a description of the country in his vicinity, that is the reason it was not published. Long experience has taught us that such letters, even though written without a thought of the result, simply act as first class advertisements for real estate dealers in the locality spoken of. We recall one instance, occurring some three years ago. We published an excellent letter from a point in Southern California. We afterward received a letter from a real estate agent there, saying that he had received several hundred letters of inquiry as a result, and had sold some 3,000 acres so far. We find it impossible to publish these letters without advertising private business; hence we decline to publish them at all. If the real estate men wish to reach THE BLADE'S readers, they must go into the advertising columns, and pay for it.

It is impossible for us to correct errors, grammatical or otherwise, in letters not used, and then return them with a statement why they are not available. It would take all the editor's time. Nor can we return MSS. unless postage is inclosed for that purpose.

OKLAHOMA IS OPEN.

The President's proclamation has been issued, opening to homesteaders, on April 22, an area of 1,800,000 acres in what is popularly known as Oklahoma. The tract opened by this proclamation does not correspond to the boundaries of the proposed territory of Oklahoma, the bill for the creation of which passed the House, but not the Senate, at the last session; it is included in the larger "Oklahoma," but is only a part of it.

To the eastward, the tract is bound by the Creek, Iowa, Kickapoo and Pottawatomie Indian reservations; to the south by the Chickasaw nation; to the west by the reservation of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes; and on the north by the "Cherokee outlet," which will probably by the next land to be opened.

The "boomers," who have been hanging along the border for years, are full of rejoicing. They can not legally make their locations until April 22, by which time, however, beyond a doubt, the majority of the eligible quarter-sections and town sites will have been squatted upon. It is probable the lands opened will not last very long, but will all be taken up by the time the negotiations with the Indian tribes, authorized by the same law, are concluded. Until this is done, and the Indian title extinguished, the remainder of the 6,000,000 acres authorized by the law can not be opened, nor can the President issue his proclamation to that effect.

SOME New York sharks are reported as having organized a syndicate which has purchased some $30,000,000 of United States bonds, with the idea of cornering the market and compelling the government to pay higher prices. To prevent the surplus from accumulating, the treasury buys each week a number of bonds. About $127,000,000 have been thus purchased and retired since April of last year. By far the greater portion of the outstanding bonds are held by national banks to secure their circulations, and by trust companies, banks, etc., as investments. Hence the amount of bonds, the holders of which will offer them to the government for redemption before maturity, is not as large as one might suppose. There is one thing, however, the speculators fail to consider, apparently—that the government is not compelled to buy bonds. If they are not offered at a fair price they will not be taken. So far the government has made money on its bond purchases—that is, it has not paid as much for them as will legally be due when they mature. And it is certain that Secretary WINDOM will not pay a rate much higher than that now ruling.

SENATOR ALLISON, in an article in the April issue of the *North American Review*, thinks that an extra session of Congress should not be called before the middle of October. In his judgment the business interests of the country will not suffer from the delay. He thinks President HARRISON and Secretary WINDOM may be trusted to look after that. We are inclined to the opinion that the Senator is correct in his views.

SPEAKING of the weather probabilities of the present spring, the New York *Herald* says:

We shall probably have the periodic "cold spell" from May 10 to 15, and some chilly weather in the first half of April. But there is no reason to apprehend that the tide of high temperature, which has been running in one direction for six months, will soon be reversed, or that late spring frosts will seriously injure the fruit crops.

MUCH interest is taken in the coming election to fill the vacancy in the English House of Commons caused by the death of JOHN BRIGHT. There has not been for years any opposition to his return, and consequently the relative strength of the two parties is not known in the middle division of Birmingham, which he so long represented.

PROHIBITION does reduce the burden of taxation. Governor BURLEIGH, of Maine, in his late inaugural address says: "Taxation has been reduced the last year $117,799.94, and for the coming year it will be the lowest tax levied for 30 years."

ALL the Samoan islands are hardly worth the lives of the brave men, Americans and Germans, who perished in the typhoon which wrecked the war-ships in the harbor.

TO OUR PROHIBITION FRIENDS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

THE BLADE is receiving numerous letters from friends in Pennsylvania, asking for information as to the workings of Prohibition in Kansas and Iowa, and begging us to lend our aid in the exciting campaign now beginning in that state.

This we are glad to do. We have sent for reliable information to the executives of both those states, and to others familiar with the practical workings of Prohibition. We shall, in a week or two, be able to give the *facts* in the case of Iowa and Kansas, to our Pennsylvania friends, and to prove to them that "Prohibition *does* prohibit."

Now, in order that these facts and figures may be given the widest possible circulation in Pennsylvania, we ask *every* subscriber, *every* reader of THE BLADE in that state to send us, *at once*, the names of *ten* persons *in that state* to whom we may send sample numbers of the copy containing this article—names of persons who would probably be glad to take THE BLADE during the amendment campaign.

We will make a campaign rate to Pennsylvania subscribers for this period, which will be announced in that issue of the paper. We want Pennsylvania names, because we expect to go into the contest thoroughly, and to make each issue of THE BLADE during the campaign a repository of arguments in favor of Prohibition.

Send us the names *at once!* Don't delay!

You can put ten names and addresses on a postal card; and you can afford to spend one cent to send a sample copy of THE BLADE, containing the article, "Prohibition Does Prohibit," to each of ten voters.

THE "OHIO MAN."

There is a wide-spread delusion in many portions of this country that the "Ohio Man" is always numerously on hand for official preferment whenever there is a vacancy or the prospect of one; and that the state of Ohio has far more than her proportionate share of the federal positions. This erroneous idea has been fostered by the alleged "anmorists" of the press for the past fifteen years or so, until it has grown into an article of faith with everybody save the Ohio men themselves.

It may be of the nature of news to a great many good people to know that there are far fewer Ohio men in official positions than the proportional percentage to which the state is entitled. New York has by far the most; but there are six or eight states that stand higher than Ohio in the number of appointees, including Pennsylvania, Indiana, Michigan, Iowa, and even little Vermont.

We are led to make the above remarks by the receipt of a letter from a subscriber at Canon City, Colorado, taking exception to an editorial article in which we considered Ohio's claims to the vacancy on the federal Supreme bench caused by the death of Justice MATTHEWS. His letter assumed the error pointed out above, and thus, reasoning from false data, he made a strong case. We may say, without transcending the bounds of truth, that Ohio has a phenomenally large percentage of citizens who are fitted by natural talent and educational qualifications, to fill any office, even the highest; and that more of them are not seen in the service is due rather to their own modesty than to any lack of qualifications. Give the Ohio man a fair chance, brethren, and stop poking stupid jokes at him!

A GREAT MISTAKE.

The position of the Republican senators who refuse to confirm MURAT HALSTEAD because they have been the objects of his criticism, is most untenable. It never was the intent of the constitution, when it provided that the senate should concur in the more important appointments in the gift of the government, to give the senators a weapon by which they could attack their personal enemies or exercise their private malice. The only question is: Is the appointment a fit one to be made, and if it is, it should be confirmed. Mr. HALSTEAD'S appointment is an eminently fit one. The reason of the so-called objections to him, is that he criticised in an honest and open way the course of those Republican senators who refused to go into an investigation of the methods by which Senator PAYNE procured his present seat in the Senate. Without going into the merits of that case, it is fair to say that the Republicans of Ohio were of the opinion that the honor of the state demanded that such an investigation be had, and when it was refused Mr. HALSTEAD but voiced the honest indignation of a justly insensed people.

THE English House of Commons is nearing its limit, and a general election is not far distant. It will be noticed that there is a sudden access of interest in Ireland on the part of the Tories and Liberal Unionist. They are promising a land purchase project and a local government bill, in the hope of avoiding defeat at the polls. The Home Rulers must be made of very green material if they trust to this sort of thing. Were the Tories sincere in their desire to do something to settle the Irish question, it would not be necessary to promise anything, for they would have passed such measures before this, because the government majority has been large enough to have done so at any time within the past several years. If the voters are not hoodwinked, the opposition will be placed in power, and GLADSTONE again become premier.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle's* politics is Democratic without shadow of turning, but it has the fairness and candor to rise above mere partisan considerations in its editorial remarks on the selection of Pension Commissioner TANNER, who was formerly a citizen of Brooklyn. It says:

If the *Eagle* were a paper built on the idea that President Harrison does not do things because he does them, the announcement of energy to mendacity could produce a very severe article in condemnation of this appointment. The truth would nevertheless remain that a man who was for ten years a very capable collector of taxes, who proved himself a skilled and efficient deputy collector of the port of New York, who is earnest, honorable, studious, eloquent, and endowed with a wonderful power to sway the thoughts and feeling of men, will make a very acceptable commissioner of pensions in the opinion of Brooklynites of all political opinions who with and through the *Eagle* tender to him their heartiest congratulations.

REV. ROBERT COLLYER preached a very eloquent sermon at his church in New York last Sunday on the death of JOHN BRIGHT; but it certainly was in questionable taste to select a text that most people will view as a bit of humor: "There was a man sent from God whose name was JOHN."

ANOTHER murder has occurred at Plummerville, Arkansas, this time of a man supposed to be on the track of the assassins of CLAYTON. It seems probable that this Arkansas community protects the murderers, and approves of assassination as a political method.

"PRIVATE" DALZELL is an applicant for the position of deputy commissioner of pensions. DALZELL has the misfortune to be an Ohio man, however, and Ohio is largely "left" in the distribution, it seems.

BY the way, the "fourth estate" is getting recognition at the hands of the new administration. The President don't seem to be afraid of "them literary fellers."

HALSTEAD'S OFFENSE.

The action of the five Republican Senators against the confirmation of Mr. HALSTEAD is an attack on the entire newspaper profession of the United States. It can be construed in no other way. It is the service of notice by the United States Senate that its members will use their official positions to gratify personal malice and, so far as the power in them lies, crush the independence of newspapers. The last attempt is simply ridiculous. A United States senator is a very great man, and treads the earth with a step that makes it tremble, but compared with the humblest newspaper in the smallest village of the land he is as a tallow candle to an electric light, a monkey to a hand organ. Regarding the PAYNE case there is no honest difference of opinion. That the election of Senator PAYNE was secured by the basest methods there can be no doubt. That Senator PAYNE was himself ignorant of the means used, may be and probably is the case, but that makes not the slightest difference in the matter. In common with other editors in Ohio, who had the welfare of the state at heart and were jealous of her honor, Mr. HALSTEAD demanded that the Senate of the United States make an investigation of the case. When several Republican senators joined with the Democrats in refusing that investigation Mr. HALSTEAD, in his functions as an independent journalist, outraged citizen and honest man, spoke his mind concerning them. For this open performance of a plain duty an attempt is now being made to discipline him. All that need be said is, Mr. HALSTEAD can stand it if the five Republican senators can. It does not help the latter's case that there are serious doubts concerning the purity of the elections that gave them their present seats. What a United States senator, who is also a newspaper editor, thinks of the matter is shown by the following clipping from the Hartford *Courant*, Senator Hawley's paper:

The attack on Murat Halstead in the Senate is at least as creditable to him as to that body. His offense was protesting in very vigorous language against what he, and not he alone, considered a great wrong, and it was a protest in behalf of the Senate itself. He fought to have unsavory stories investigated as to whether a very rich senator had a clear title to his place. It is now proposed to slaughter him for his zeal in behalf of good morals.

The people of this country, as a whole, will surely condemn such personal politics as are involved in trying to punish an editor for maintaining the freedom of the press. We have a good many kinds of journalism in this great and glorious country, but the lick-spittle variety is one of the very meanest sorts. No legislative body can afford to listen to it, much less reward it.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

Some foolish friends of Mr. HALSTEAD are talking of him as a candidate for Governor or Senator so "as to vindicate him." Mr. HALSTEAD needs no vindication. As the case stands now he is backed and supported by every newspaper in the country. If he allows any friends to attempt to make political capital out of a situation which at present reflects only credit on him, his motives will be questioned, and in the nature of things, criticism will arise where now only praise and admiration exists.

THE people of Michigan have a constitutional amendment submitted to them for their suffrages, which authorizes all corporations to renew their charters by a majority vote of the stockholders. It seems that the corporations are limited to an existence of thirty years, and that under the decision of the Supreme court no renewal of life can be had except by an amendment to the constitution. This refers to all corporations except railroad, canal, plank road and municipal; leaving business, religious, and benevolent and charitable organizations, such as churches, masonic societies, etc., subject to the rule; and while some of the newspapers are opposing the amendment which would enable them to renew their charters, others observe that the failure of the amendment would bring great losses, confusion and calamity upon the people. The question might be solved now in Michigan whether corporations are not, on the whole, a detriment, and whether simple business partnerships might not realize all their benefits without their evils.

IN the appointment of ROBERT T. LINCOLN as United States Minister to Great Britain, President HARRISON has done an altogether laudable and appropriate thing. He has appointed one who is splendidly qualified for the position, who is a typical American, and who, on account of his being the son of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, is the object of loyal friendship on the part of a large portion of the American people. In ROBERT T. LINCOLN'S case, the shadow of his father's great name has to some extent obscured, in the minds of the unthinking, his own splendid talents and thorough qualifications for official life. THE BLADE has long insisted that Mr. LINCOLN is worthy of the highest positions of honor and trust because of his own thorough training and native talent, and we are rejoiced that President HARRISON has rec

OLD WAR SONGS,

SUNG BY THE BOYS IN BLUE

During the War of the Rebellion—The Words That Were Voiced in Camp and on the March, and by the Dear Ones Left Behind.

NO. I.

BRAVE BOYS ARE THEY!

BY HENRY C. WORK.

Heavily falls the rain,
Wild are the breezes to-night;
But 'neath the roof, the hours as they fly,
Are happy, and calm, and bright.
Gathering round the fire-side,
Tho' it be summer time,
We sit and talk of brothers abroad,
Forgetting the midnight chime.

CHORUS:—Brave boys are they!
Gone at their country's call,
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall!

Under the homestead roof,
Nestled so cozy and warm,
While soldiers sleep with little or naught
To shelter them from the storm.
Resting on grassy couches,
Pillowed on hillocks' damp;
Of martial fare how little we know.
Till brothers are in the camp.

Thinking no less of them,
Loving our country the more,
We sent them forth to fight for the flag
Their fathers before them bore.
Tho' the great tear-drops started,
This was our parting trust;
"God bless you, boys! we'll welcome you home,
When rebels are in the dust."

May the bright wings of love
Guard them wherever they roam;
The time has come when brothers must fight;
And sisters must pray at home.
Oh! The dread field of battle!
Soon to be strewn with graves;
If brothers fall, then bury them where
Our banner in triumph waves.

GLORY! GLORY! HALLELUJAH!

("John Brown's Body.")

John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on!

CHORUS.—Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
Glory! glory, hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on!

His pet lambs will meet him, meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him, meet him on the way,
His pet lambs will meet him, meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on!

They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As they go marching on!

WANAMAKER ON RUM.

HE FAVORS THE AMENDMENT.

"It is Your Duty," He Said, "To Make It as Difficult to Get Liquor as to Get Poison"—"God's Going to Count the Votes."

Postmaster General John Wanamaker made a set prohibition speech to his great Bible class at Bethany church, Philadelphia, on Sunday afternoon, March 31. "I have been asked," he said, "to give my views on the proposed prohibitory constitutional amendment, on which the people of this commonwealth are to vote in June. To intelligently discuss this subject we must have a correct idea of the Christian's duty in the matter, or, in other words, the true idea of a Christian's life. We are not to do as other people want, but as God says. Unless we walk temperate we are fools. It is our duty to abstain from anything that will offend our brother, and for this God will hold us responsible. The man who will not sign a temperance pledge to help another man does not think as much of himself or of God as he should. He is not willing to deny himself.

TIME SERVERS DENOUNCED.

"There are thousands of men in this city who do not get drunk and who believe that the liquor traffic should be stopped. Some of them are merchants who will not take a stand for fear that they will displease some of their customers. Many politicians are also in the same dilemma. They forbid it being brought into their houses—will not touch it themselves—but are afraid to declare their convictions for fear of losing votes.

"Next June you will have to vote either for or against this dreadful business. There are but two sides. By silence you will give your assent. The quibble that prohibition does not prohibit is simply a catch. It is simply ridiculous when looked at from a moral standpoint of view. Men must answer to God and not to man as to how they vote. He is going to count the votes.

EFFECTIVENESS OF PROHIBITION.

"But besides this prohibition does not prohibit. A fair trial has been given it and the law is observed. The man who says that in Maine the prohibition laws are not observed is either ignorant or wants to deceive.

"To make the question practical I ask, Can you go home and get down before God and say, Dear Lord, please help me to defeat the Prohibition amendment?' This test is final, and should each Christian apply it and act accordingly we would have no fear as to the results.

"The majority of the inmates of the different benevolent institutions have been brought there by rum. The state is a partner in this business, and a large portion of her profits are paid out again in supporting paupers, hospitals, prisons, courts, etc. In the long run the commonwealth does not make so much out of the business as is generally supposed."

ROBERT LINCOLN.

The Wise Ways of the New Minister to England—His Interesting Family.

Probably there never was a better instance of the saving power of holding one's tongue than in Mr. Lincoln. One of the greatest difficulties in the way of filling the British mission is that owing to the dragooning of American public men by the Irish vote. Scarcely a man of prominence can be found who has not been driven by the exigencies of politics into some unfriendly remarks on England. It is often utterly insincere, and the same men are the most anxious to represent the United States at London.

Consequently, President Harrison had hard work to find a man that would be acceptable at London, as well as creditable to the United States—and Mr. Lincoln is an admirable choice. He has good sense and discretion. He is never ridiculous, because he never assumes anything. He conducted the War department for four years, on business principles, and said nothing. That is his strong point—he doesn't talk.

He is very refined, both in manner and appearance, and so is Mrs. Lincoln, who was known as "pretty Mary Harlan" before she was married. They have several children, the eldest a daughter about 18. Mrs. Lincoln will shine socially in London. There is nothing of the wild and woolly West about her; she has a low voice, a gentle manner and is far from aggressive.

Changing Its Title.

The well-known firm of Oliver Ditson & Co., Music Publishers, will hereafter be known as "Oliver Ditson Company." Mr. Chas. H. Ditson, in the new corporation, represents the name so familiar to every newspaper reader. The firm includes Mr. John C. Haynes and Chas. H. Ditson, (former partners) and five gentlemen who have hitherto held prominent positions in the Boston, New York and Philadelphia stores. The successful firm enters on the second half century of its existence with a large stock and extensive business, and with every probability of large and rapid increase.

There are several counties in Texas which, without special taxation, will receive next year from $25 to $40 of school money for each pupil. Nowhere else in the world can such ample provision for education be found.

THE SKY IN APRIL.

THE DISAPPEARANCE OF VENUS

From the Evening Sky—The Morning Stars—Planets Visible to the Naked Eye—Important Conjunctions.

In a popular sense the most interesting event in April's astronomical annals will be the disappearing of Venus from the evening sky. For several months past Venus has been a conspicuous object in the firmament for two or three hours after sunset. Ever since the closing months of 1888, when it came into favorable position for observation, it has been, in the early hours of darkness, by far the most brilliant orb in all the celestial expanse when the moon was absent. On March 24 and 25 it was at its brightest. It is moving in the direction of the sun, however, and the duration of its stay above the horizon, as a consequence, is diminishing. For the first week or two of April it will still be the most splendid of all the planetary or stellar orbs. But with its approach to the sun its glories are waning. On April 30 it will be in conjunction with the sun, both bodies sinking below the horizon at the same time; but several days before this the two orbs will be so near together that Venus's light will be lost in the effulgence of the solar rays. The queen of planets then abdicates the post of honor which she has held in the evening hours since October last, and takes up the role of morning star. In the early mornings of summer, and from that time onward throughout the year, a star of surpassing lovelliness will be seen rising near the sunrise point, an hour or two before the sun appears. This will be the planet Venus, who is now making her last appearance for 1889 in the evening sky.

In the early part of April Mercury will be one of the morning stars, setting before the sun. On the 25th of the month, however, both orbs sink below the horizon together, and four or five evenings later, Mercury's movement being to the eastward, the planet may possibly be seen for a moment a little to the north of the sunset point, half an hour after the sun sinks from view. Mercury will be in its brightest phase on May 2.

Mars is still an evening star, although it is too near the sun and too low in the sky to be readily discerned. Its movement is upward, however, and eastward, but the sun, in its apparent sweep in the easterly direction, travels faster, and gains rapidly on the fiery planet. Mars, which will be west of Venus at the beginning of April, will be east of Venus when the month ends.

Although there will be no bright orb in the southwest during the evening hours after the closing days of April except the brilliant first magnitude stars Sirius, of the constellation of the Greater Dog, and Beteigeuse and Rigel, of Orion, Venus being absent, a splendid luminary will appear in the southeast about 10:30 o'clock in the evening, which will partially compensate for the loss of the queen of planets. This will be Jupiter. While Jupiter is just now nearly stationary with respect to the "fixed stars," the apparent movement of the sun and the real movement of the earth brings the planet into view at an earlier and earlier hour as the days pass. At the beginning of the month it rises a little after midnight and by the time the month ends it may be seen above the horizon, low down in the southeast, before 11 o'clock. Two months hence the brightest planets will have changed places. Venus taking up the scepter in the morning sky which Jupiter has cast down, and Jupiter occupying the realm in the other part of the firmament which Venus is vacating.

But Jupiter will not be the only planet which will be visible in the southerly quarter of the heavens when Venus disappears near the end of April. Another orb will come into view earlier than Jupiter, and be in a better position for observation than the "giant planet." This is Saturn. Saturn will be in plain view, high above the horizon, to the eastward, at sunset in the opening days of the month, and it will rise earlier as the month advances. During all of April and part of May it will be the most conspicuous planet above the horizon at any time before 10 o'clock in the evening, but from that time onward for several months Jupiter's supremacy in the evening sky will be undisputed.

At the beginning of the month the planets visible to the naked eye will range in this order, estimated from the sun eastward: Mars, Venus, Saturn, Jupiter. By the time the month ends Mercury will have moved to the east of the sun, and Venus and Mars will have changed places with respect to relative angular distance from the sun. The order will then be: Venus, Mercury, Mars, Saturn, Jupiter. Uranus, however, may be seen by the unaided eye of those whose visual powers are strong. Uranus is farther east than Saturn, but not so far as Jupiter. It is at its brightest for the season on April 9.

At the end of April Venus, Mercury and Mars will be in the zodiacal constellation Aries, Saturn will be in Leo, Uranus in Virgo, and Jupiter in Scorpio.

February has no new moon, but March, to make up the deficiency, has two of them. April, like most months, will have one, but it will come when the month is only a little over a day from being ended. It will occur on the 29th. The new moon of March 31 will reach its full stage on April 15.

Some of the conjunctions between the moon and the principal planets during April will be unusually close and interesting. The moon will be near Mars on the 1st and Venus on the 3d. When at the closest Mars will be about 5 degrees from the moon, and Venus 11 degrees. In each case Luna will be south of the planets. Mars and Venus being in the southwest during the period of their visibility, that will be the part of the sky in which these events will take place. On the last day of the month the moon will once more pass Mars, the planet at that time being about 4½ degrees to the northward.

The conjunctions best worth seeing, however, will occur on the 10th and 20th of the month. At the former date Saturn will be the planet which will figure in the affair, and at the latter date Jupiter. The distance separating the moon from Saturn will be only one and one-sixth degrees, while there will be less than a third of a degree between the moon and Jupiter when these bodies are at their nearest to each other. In each of these conjunctions the moon will be north of the planet. A degree of angular measurement is about twice the apparent diameter of the sun or the full moon. The distance between the moon and Jupiter will be about half a moon's diameter. It will be a closer conjunction, even, than that which took place between these two bodies on March 24. When the conjunction with Saturn takes place between these two bodies on March 24. When the conjunction with Saturn takes place both orbs will be near the zenith an hour after sunset. The spectacle, therefore, will be in view from sundown until about 2 o'clock in the morning. About midnight the conjunction with Jupiter can be seen, and it will be in the field of vision from that time until near sunrise.

Most of the conspicuous stars visible in March will be in the field of view through April, but will be farther to the westward than they were a few weeks ago. Capella, early in the evening, will be seen in the northwest, Aldebaran in the west, Castor and Pollux near the zenith, Regulus in the east, but far above the horizon, Procyon and Sirius in the south and Beteigeuse and Rigel in the southwest. The two latter, with the magnificent constellation Orion, of which they are a part, will vanish from the evening sky in May, and will not appear again until November next, and the day of the disappearance of the brilliant Sirius, the well known Dog Star, is also rapidly approaching. New luminaries, however, are coming into view. Over in the east, a star which was not visible a month ago in the early evening hours is now well above the horizon at sun set. This is Arcturus, the leading orb in the constellation of Bootes, while low in the northeast the lordly Vega will flash upon the vision before the close of twilight.

How Many Save.

Edward Atkinson, the economist, is of opinion that 90 per cent, or nine out of ten of our people, spend nearly all they earn. There is, comparatively, but little saved for the rainy day. Out of the other 10 per cent, some save sufficient to protect themselves against want, and the remainder acquire independence. "There is an absurd idea abroad," says the Rand-McNally *Banker's Monthly*, "that expenditure, and lavish expenditure, too, is good for trade, and that it is mean or shabby to save. The increase of population, competition and expense of living must very soon break this delusion, if increasing information does not. So long as money is deposited in savings banks or sound building societies or approved legitimate securities, there can be no cramping to trade by saving, the money being in useful circulation all the time."

—"Can't eat a thing." Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, regulating digestion, and giving strength.

LADY—How do you manage to keep everything so clean and sweet?
SISTER—After much experimenting, we have decided that PYLE'S PEARLINE has no equal for all cleansing purposes. It is effective, economical, and perfectly harmless; we use it for everything, from the finest linens to the bare floors.
LADY—I always use PEARLINE at home, but I am particular and want everything as clean as possible.
SISTER—We have to be doubly particular—you know "cleanliness is next akin to godliness"—and we find that PEARLINE is the best thing with which to maintain perfect cleanliness.
PEARLINE is sold everywhere. Manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

THEIR MOTHER.

My boy sat looking straight into the coals,
From his stool at my feet one day,
And the firelight burnished the curly head,
And painted the cheeks with a dash of red,
And brightened his very eyes, as he said,
In a most confidential way:

"Mamma, I think, when I'm a grown up man,
I shall have just two little boys."
I smiled—he was 6!—but he did not see,
And I said, "Why, yes, how nice that will be!
But if one were a girl, it seems to me,
It would add to your household joys."

"Well—yes," reflectively, "that would be nice,
And I'll tell you just what I'll do;
I'll name one Robbie, for me, you know,"
Then the bright eyes shone with a deeper glow,
"And there's just the two of us now, and so
I'll name the girl Annie, for you."

"But how would their mother like that?" I asked.
"Do you think that she would agree
For us to have both names while she had none?"
With the mystified, puzzled look of one
Wholly befogged, said my logical son,
"Their mother! Why, who is she?"
—*Good Housekeeping.*

SHALL PROHIBITION FAIL?

A BATTLE HYMN FOR THE WORKERS IN PENNSYVANIA.

Tune—"Missionary Hymn."

From hearts and homes there cometh
A yearning, earnest cry;
To Justice Hope now turneth.
"Shall rum forever die?
Shall might and crime still sever
This people from their right?
Shall gold and sin forever
Veil our brave State in night?"

"Shall gilded hells forever
Stand forth on every side?
Shall we make no endeavor
To stem the cruel tide?
Shall wives' and mothers' wailing,
Shall children's sobs of pain,
To us all unavailing,
Do naught to break the chain?"

"With Christian conscience calling
For Justice' stronger hand; I
With Afric's heart appalling
By curse from Christian land;
Shall we spread foul temptation
Before our fellow men,
And seem the vilest nation
Within all human ken?"

Oh! ye who calmly reason
And turn and trim your lines,
That wrong should have its season,
Whose traffic bears all crimes;
See not! the time advancing,
When Truth her right shall claim,
When all, her cause enhancing,
Shall strive in Virtue's name?

See not! the cheerful dawning
Draws nearer every hour;
That day of glorious morning,
God's gift of grace and power;
When greed shall rule no longer,
No more men's souls destroy;
When right and light wax stronger
And Truth sings forth her joy?

O God, our hearts uplifting,
Thou Source of hope and peace;
While thou the clouds are rifting,
Bid tempter's toils to cease;
Let angels tell the story,
When crime and woe are done;
And time shall be the glory,
For thine the victory won. Amen.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

Only eighteen persons in Montgomery county, Miss., failed to pay their land taxes last year, and the county has now gone "dry" the third time.

More than $6,000 worth of temperance literature has already been shipped to Paris for the W. C. T. U. exhibit at the World's Fair, which will open on the 5th of May.

Statistics show that on this day (the Sabbath) protected by law, the sales of liquor are two and one-fourth times the average for the other six days, and the mischief wrought is in still greater proportion.—*J. C. Bateham.*

An English brickmaker, after careful investigation, reported that among his men the beer drinker who made the fewest number of bricks in a given time made 87,000 less than the total abstainer who made the fewest number in the same length of time.

To throw a bomb to set a house on fire, to wreck a railroad train, are inconsiderable offenses compared to the deeds of these men who have introduced into millions of homes poverty, wretchedness, ignorance, crime and death. How long will a Christian public tolerate such criminals abroad? —*Zion's Herald.*

Mr. M. A. Gault, who has been at work for the W. C. T. U. in Missouri, tells of one town where an enterprising citizen was about to open a billiard hall, but was forestalled by the ladies of the W. C. T. U., who paid the $10 license fee and established a lunch counter and reading room instead of the billiard table. In another town the ladies took turns in going to the saloon with their knitting, sitting all day and evening until the saloon closed out.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester, in the New York *Independent*, compares the cost of pauperism in three cities and two large towns at periods twenty years apart, the first being a period of prohibition and the second of license. He shows that in these five municipalities in twenty years the increase in cost of pauperism under license averaged 482 per cent over the cost under prohibition, the average increase in population being but 77 per cent.

"A cyclone of prohibition" says the New York *World*, has burst upon Kansas City, Kan., to its sudden and thorough cleansing. At the last election Joseph Fife was chosen county prosecutor, with the understanding that he would suppress the notorious dives defying the law. His vigorous action at once resulted in sending a dozen liquor dealers to prison for long terms, besides imposing on each a fine of $100 for every glass of strong drink of the sale of which he had been convicted. One man was tried for the selling of 23 glasses of beer, and was found guilty on every count. He was accordingly sentenced to pay $2,300, and to spend 690 days in jail. Thirty-five others were in prison a few days ago, awaiting trial. Prosecutor Fife's unusual music receives hearty encores from the citizens, and a grand clearing out of the "joints" is prophesied.

A TRAIN DISPATCHER'S LUCK.

He Had no Idea That the Lightning Would Strike Him, But It Did.

In the train dispatcher's office at the Pennsylvania depot the other afternoon, there sat before a telegraph instrument, a handsome, well-conditioned, and well dressed young man, to whom a great deal of good luck has fallen lately.

It was Mr. T. B. Marshall, a Pennsylvania railroad train dispatcher, and he was the holder of one-twentieth of ticket No. 10,420, which drew the second capital prize of $100,000 in the last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Co.

"Have you received your $5,000 yet?" inquired a reporter for THE BLADE, who had happened in.

"Yes, I received it a week after the drawing, and it came in the form of a draft through the Ketcham's National Bank.

"I had purchased ticket No. 10,420, and immediately after the drawing was notified that I had drawn the neat little sum of $5,000, and that it would be immediately forwarded to me.

"I drew it from the bank, took as much as I wanted for my immediate use, and then deposited the rest with the bank. No, I have no particular plans as to what I will do with the money. I only know that I have it, and that it is a nice little starter for a young man."

A Providence newsboy, who returned a $5 gold piece given him in mistake for a cent, was rewarded with a nickel.

IT DOES PROHIBIT.

PROHIBITION SUCCEEDS IN KANSAS.

A Blade Subscriber Sends Us His Personal Observations on the Subject—Facts of Interest to Pennsylvania Voters.

HUTCHINSON, KAN., March 20.—EDITOR BLADE:—In order that your Pennsylvania readers may know the exact truth as to the success of Prohibition in Kansas, I write you these lines. I have lived in this state eleven years, and of course have seen both the workings of a license system and of Prohibition, and will state it as an incontrovertible fact that Prohibition is a success, beyond the most sanguine expectation of its warmest friends and supporters.

Its good effects are such, that no political party in Kansas would dare ask its repeal. A few years ago the Democratic party demanded resubmission, but the people voted resubmission down by more than 30,000 majority. Since that time all parties favor Prohibition. I am a Republican, and know that the Republican party enacted the present law and all our Prohibition laws based on the amendment which was adopted by the people, irrespective of party lines.

Hutchinson has 15,000 inhabitants, and there is not a drop of intoxicants legally sold in this city. Not a druggist in Reno county will take out a permit to sell it for any purpose under the Murray law, for fear of prosecution.

I have been in business on Main street for three years, and in all that time I have not seen two dozen drunken men. The only way an old toper can get it is to patronize what is known as a "bootlegger," which is some lowdown fellow who will ship in by the keg on the sly, keep it hid in the ground, or somewhere else, then put it in half pint bottles, slip them in his boot legs, and get the topers out in the groves or down cellars, entirely out of sight of the public and there sell and drink it in hiding. But if our marshal or police catch them at it, woe betide them. The seller gets $100 fine and in jail 30 days, and the drinker is fined from $10 to $25.

No law on our statute book is more thoroughly enforced, nor more willingly, than is our prohibitory law. And you can say to your Pennsylvania readers that the good effects of Prohibition will be to drive out the worst element of society and bring in a sober and industrious immigration, as it has in Kansas. We have lost 50,000 drunkards and saloonkeepers, and have gained over 500,000 intelligent, sober, industrious people, who have helped in making us one of the grandest and most prosperous states in the Union.

REV. J. W. PAYNE.

Marriage Ages.

In Austria, 14 years for both sexes.

In Spain, the man at 14, the woman at 12.

In Russia, the man at 18, the woman at 16.

In Greece, the man at 14, the woman at 12.

In France, the man at 18, the woman at 15.

In Saxony, the man at 18, the woman at 16.

In Belgium, the man at 18, the woman at 15.

In Germany, the man at 18, the woman at 14.

In Switzerland, the man at 14, the woman at 12.

In Hungary, Catholics, the man at 14, the woman at 12; Protestants, the man at 18, the woman at 12.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is a brilliant society lady, and it is anticipated that she will prove as charming a hostess at the American legation at Paris as did Mrs. Levi P. Morton. The Reid family reside at present in the palatial residence erected by Henry Villard on Madison avenue, New York. They have two charming children, Ogden Mills Reid and Jeanie Reid.

Publishers' Column.

ANOTHER NEW PICTURE.

"The Horse Fair," by Rosa Bonheur.

This wonderful picture, the masterpiece of the greatest animal painter the world has ever seen, has been on exhibition in nearly all the cities of Europe, and after being owned by A. T. Stewart and W. H. Vanderbilt, America's greatest millionaires, has now been placed on exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York.

The spirit, action and strength here represented have never before been equaled on canvas, and the picture stands alone as the greatest and most life-like painting of horses ever produced. We are now handling a most exquisite reproduction of this painting (size 20x34) and not only does it rival the line engraving in clearness of execution but it also has all the tones and tints of the original painting. This masterpiece should be in every home as it is an art education to be able to see and study the figures, and no one should neglect this exceptionally advantageous opportunity of securing a copy of this wonderful and world renowned picture Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents. Address, THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

LADIES HAIR FRIZZER.

Cheapest price ever heard of. A beautiful nickel-plated hair frizzer (curling iron) sent post-paid by mail to any lady reader of the BLADE on receipt of 20 cents, or the same with Weekly BLADE one year for $1.10. We guarantee them fully equal to those usually retailed for 50 cents. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

THE UNION OR FAMILY SCALE.

The price of this Scale is $5.00, and we offer with THE WEEKLY BLADE one year for $4.25. Useful in any family. Weighs from ½ oz. up to 240 lbs.

These scales are sent by express or freight at the expense of the purchaser. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rowdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio. Also "Christ on Calvary," a companion picture, price 25 cents.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
Over a Million Distributed

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company
Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868, for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution, in 1879, by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its MAMMOTH DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually (June and December), and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place in each of the other ten months of the year, and are all drawn in public, at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

FAMED FOR TWENTY YEARS,
For Integrity of its Drawings, and Prompt Payment of Prizes,
Attested as follows:

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac-similes of our signatures attached in its advertisements."

Commissioners.

We, the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in the Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

R. M. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bank.
PIERRE LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bank.
A. BALDWIN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bank.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING,
At the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, April 16, 1889.

CAPITAL PRIZE, $300,000

100,000 Tickets at $20 each; Halves $10; Quarters $5; Tenths $2; Twentieths $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF	$300,000 is		$300,000
1 PRIZE OF	100,000 is		100,000
1 PRIZE OF	50,000 is		50,000
1 PRIZE OF	25,000 is		25,000
2 PRIZES OF	10,000 are		20,000
5 PRIZES OF	5,000 are		25,000
25 PRIZES OF	1,000 are		25,000
100 PRIZES OF	500 are		50,000
100 PRIZES OF	300 are		30,000
500 PRIZES OF	200 are		100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.			
100 Prizes of	$500 are		$50,000
100 do.	300 are		30,000
100 do.	200 are		20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.			
999 do.	$100 are		$99,900
999 do.	100 are		99,900
3,194 Prizes amounting to			$1,054,800

NOTE—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to Terminal Prizes.

For Club Rates, or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence, with Express, County, Street and Number. Mo ey paid return mail delivery will be assured by your enclosing an Envelope bearing your full address.

IMPORTANT.
Address M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.
or M. A. DAUPHIN, Washington, D. C.
By ordinary letter, containing Money Order, issued by all Express Companies, New York Exchange, Draft or Postal Note. We pay charges on Currency sent to us by Express in sums of $5 or over.

Address Registered Letters containing Currency to NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK, New Orleans, La.

"REMEMBER, that the payment of Prizes is GUARANTEED BY FOUR NATIONAL BANKS of New Orleans, and the Tickets are signed by the President of an Institution, whose chartered rights are recognized in the highest Courts; therefore, beware of all imitations or anonymous schemes."

ONE DOLLAR is the price of the smallest part or fraction of a Ticket ISSUED BY US in any Drawing. Anything in our name offered for less than a Dollar is a swindle.

GOOD BOOKS
Published by the Toledo Blade Co.
REDUCED PRICES.

In order to reduce stock on hand we mark down the price of books of our own publication to cost of manufacturing and postage. The books in this list cannot be obtained elsewhere, and before next spring most of them will be out of print. Subscribers in renewing for the BLADE should take the opportunity to possess one of these books. For a brief time we offer with or without the BLADE, at the following prices:

NASBY IN EXILE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.25, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $2.10.

STRUGGLES OF PETROLEUM V. NASBY, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill., 700 pp. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

HANNAH JANE, by D. R. Locke, cloth, ill. Retail price, $1.50. Will mail copy, postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.75.

SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE," by Nasby; paper. Retail price, 50c. Will mail copy postpaid, for 25c., or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.10.

"EKKO S FROM KENTUCKY," by Nasby; "ADOU DE CHIRM," by D. R. Locke; "A PAPER CITY," novel by D. R. Locke; same prices and terms with or without BLADE as "SWINGIN ROUND THE CIRKLE."

"ANDERSONVILLE," a Story of Southern Prisons, by John McElroy. 700 pp., ill., cloth. Retail price, $3.00. Will mail copy postpaid, for $1.00, or with WEEKLY BLADE one year, $1.90.

OLD DR. CARLIN'S RECIPES," cloth, 600 pp. Retail price, $2.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $2.00.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY," by Miss Emily S Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year for $1.80.

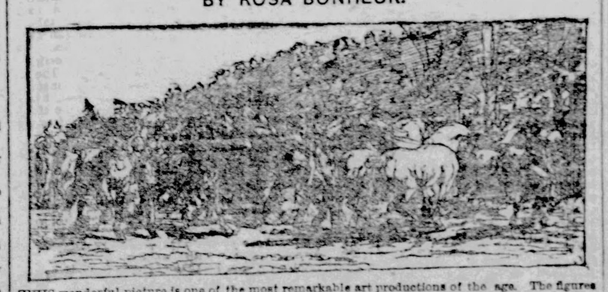
"SOCIAL ETIQUETTE," by Miss Emily S. Bouton, cloth. Retail price, $1.00. Will mail copy with BLADE one year, for $1.80.

Address,
THE BLADE, Toledo, O

SEEDS GIVEN AWAY!

Reader, if you love flowers, here is a treat for you. Send ten cents for PARK'S FLORAL GUIDE, a handsome annual, abounding with floral hints and engravings, and we will send in addition all of the following: 1 pkt. Mixed Flower Seeds, 500 kinds—all sorts and sizes. 10 cts. 1 pkt. of a New Shirley Poppy, charming, all the rage in England. 25 cts. 1 Certificate for ten cents worth of seeds, your choice. 10 cts. 1 sample copy Park's Floral Magazine, an elegant monthly. 5 cts. All the above, worth 50 cents, mailed with Park's Floral Guide, for only ten cents. Can you afford to let this rare opportunity pass? Send 10 cents at once, and tell your friends to send. None will be duplicated. ☞ This notice will not appear again. Address
GEO. W. PARK, Fannettsburg, Penna.

"THE HORSE FAIR."
BY ROSA BONHEUR.



THIS wonderful picture is one of the most remarkable art productions of the age. The figures are all life size, the canvas covering one entire end of the gallery where it is exhibited. The scene represents a number of horses being driven, and for vigor of action and grace of motion has never been equalled. In the whole work the pose is so life-like, and the drawing is so true, that you can scarcely persuade yourself the scene is not real. Not only has this picture been exhibited in all the principal cities of Europe, but it has also been in the possession of two noted American millionaires. For years A. T. Stewart cherished it as the principal picture in his gallery, and upon the sale of his collection it was bought by Cornelius Vanderbilt for $60,000 and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it is daily surrounded by groups of admirers. We are now handling a magnificent reproduction of this picture, printed on heavy plate paper, 34 inches long, by 20 wide, which embraces not only all the beauty of a fine steel engraving, but enriches and intensifies the effect by combining a number of other tones and tints so as to give the finest result yet attained by any known process. As a noted critic has said of it, you may gaze at this picture a hundred times a day and each time see some new beauty to please you, and some unexpected point of strength to excite your admiration.

Sent postpaid by mail on receipt of 25 cents.

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

In a recent number of a trade paper devoted to the interests of the retail clothing trade, an article appears which, after discussing the causes for last year's depression in ready-made clothing, concludes as follows:

"Perhaps not all of our members appreciate the effect upon our trade of the enormous business that the PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO. is doing through EVERY post-office and express office in the UNITED STATES. It is not an uncommon sight to see of a Saturday a line of people waiting at some post-office in Maine, Illinois, or even California for parcels of this concern's custom clothing to be delivered them. Backed by ample capital, and with astonishing energy, they have pushed their business up to such a magnitude, that a profit per pair which to us would hardly pay rent, to them means a handsome return upon their capital. Representing as they probably do over a MILLION CONSUMERS of cloth they demand and obtain cloth in the woolen markets of the East lower than ever before noted. By the system originating that they ed, they never have to carry any ready-made clothing, but make clothing EVERY GARMENT TO ORDER. This system, which of course attracts a great many customers, as their prices are even lower than the same garment ready-made. It is useless to deny that they have treated their customers with a liberality which THEY CAN AFFORD TO DO, where our trade cannot, even to the extent of refunding money at a buyer's request, or making a new garment when customers send wrong measures. It has been suggested that a memorial be addressed to Congress by the clothing dealers, calling attention to the operations of this company through the post-offices and express companies, asking if some action cannot be taken to protect the trade against such competition."

We have read the above with great attention, but fail to see how Congress could be induced to interfere with a business that has REDUCED THE COST OF CLOTHING to the people. We leave it for our friends and customers throughout the country to let their representatives in Congress understand whether or not our enterprise has been a benefit to the people.

In the meantime we shall continue, upon receipt of 6 cents, to send our packages containing twenty samples cloth, from which we make to order our famous custom-made Plymouth Rock $3, $4, and $5 pants, and $13 25, $16.75, and $20.50 suits, together with a linen tape-measure and guaranteed self measurement blanks.

PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.
Address all mail to.....*11 to 17 Eliot Street, or 18 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.*

BRANCH SALESROOMS.—285 Broadway, New York; Burnside Building, Worcester, Mass.; Gilmore House, Springfield, Mass.; 60 Mar et St., Lynn, Mass.; Butler's Exchange, Providence, R. I.; Register Building, New Haven, Conn.; 913 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D. C.

Any one wishing to learn of our responsibility, may write the American Express Co., at Boston (capital $50,000,000) or consult the commercial agencies.

ASTOUNDING ATTACK
UPON THE
PLYMOUTH ROCK PANTS CO.

FREE FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER TO ALL WHO SEND FIFTY CENTS FOR A YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO

THE HOME MAGAZINE.
Conducted By Mrs. John A. Logan.

James Whitcomb Riley, Arlo Bates, Dr. Hammond, Catherine Owen, Juliet Corson, Marta Farlow, Rose Terry Cooke, Mrs. Lew Wallace, Shirley Dare, and all the best writers are contributors. FULLY ILLUSTRATED. IT IS A MAGAZINE FOR THE HOME. A Lady wanted in each city, town and township to procure subscribers. ACT QUICK. SEND FOR TERMS.
BRODIX PUBLISHING CO., Address, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Bless Your Souls!

My brother farmers, why pay 10 or 20 cts. for a seed catalogue when you can receive one containing just as many and very practically more varieties of seeds for the garden and field, for a postal card, and that is worth a dollar to any one? Why, my dear friends, you NOTHING! It may have less paint about the covers, but, great Scott! we are not after paint, but seed, and I will make it to your interest to send for it. I will make it worth your while, and from the many testimonials in my hand its own picture all over our farms and gardens; send I am not afraid to WARRANT on the cover of my catalogue. Why, my friends, we have been doing business for thirty years have been users of my seed; why, we were a goodly company and having pleasant times together before the great mutuality of the present. Send for a catalogue, and the first mail will bring it to you.
JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marblehead, Mass.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.
By MUNKACSY.

THE original of this picture is one of the grandest paintings that has been given to the world in modern times. It covers about twenty by thirty feet of canvas, the figures all being life size. The scene is early morning in the Praetorium of Pontius Pilate, in Jerusalem. In the centre of the picture is the figure of the Saviour, with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate. Around and behind him crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others apparently bent mer

The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

HER LETTER ANSWERED.

A Young Girl Wants to Know About Woman's Voting.

DEAR Miss Bouton, I want to ask you some questions. Do you think it is right for the women to vote? Papa says it may be right but it isn't expedient, and when I ask him why, he tells me ever so many terrible things that will happen to the country. He says, too, that they never will for they have been working and working both here and in Great Britain, and haven't gained anything much yet. Mamma says women who want to vote are called strong minded. Wouldn't you hate to be called that?—EDITH.

Leading questions these are indeed, and from a young girl of sixteen, who is just beginning to think out for herself some of the problems of her life. They are questions, however, which I am only to glad to answer as best I may in limited space, with the hope that thus some one may be set athinking.

I most certainly do think it is right for women to vote. Stop and think of it. Why should not you and I have something to say about the laws which govern us, and which we are obliged to obey or suffer the penalty? If you should be suspected of committing murder, do you suppose you would be excused because you are a woman? You would be arrested by men; put into a jail governed by men; tried before a judge who is a man; the lawyer appointed by law to plead your case, would be a man; and unless you lived in Wyoming, which you do not, you would be pronounced innocent or guilty by a jury made up of men. No woman has had, or can have, one word to say about the law which decides whether you may continue to live or must be forced into another life. It does not matter whether you belong to an inferior or superior sex, the law is stultified inasmuch as you are not tried before a jury of your peers.

Half of the people of the United States are women. Among them are thousands upon thousands of breadwinners and property owners, and the numbers are increasing every day. Yet not one of them can have a voice in shaping the legislation that determines taxation, that regulates society, that bears upon every day life, but the man who has not a dollar of his own, who can neither read nor write, who has not been over from Europe long enough to know what the word republic means, who lounges about saloons waiting to sell his vote to the highest bidder, who drinks, and swears and degrades himself in every way, may cast the one ballot which shall decide adversely the most important interests, interests involving your highest worldly well-being and mine, and we have no possible redress. I should say, I do want to vote.

WHEN SHE MARRIES.

Then, my young friend, when some day you find a man who, you think, is all that your fancy paints him, you will become his wife and the mother of his children. *His* children, you understand, not yours in the eyes of the law, though you bear them, and give the best years of your life to their rearing; though he prove unfaithful to his vows, and leaves you to care for and support them, yet, should you endeavor to rid yourself of his presence, he may claim, and, unless public sentiment and a kind heart influence the judge, he will take them out of your hands and you cannot help yourself. Read this which actually happened last summer in San Francisco, and was thus described in the *Chronicle* of that city under the head of

"A BABY'S CRY."

"Oh, mamma, don't let him take me! I want to stay with you! I don't want to go with him!"

These were the words which rang in childish tone through the Superior Court room of the City Hall yesterday morning, and brought a *Chronicle* reporter to the door of the office of Judge Wallace's court-room, whence the cry had come.

There was seen one of the saddest sights which human eye could witness. On one side of the room was a lady dressed in deep black, clasping tightly and determinedly a little girl of seven years. The little girl was crying with wild expression of fear. The mother's face was haggard and full of despair.

Across the room sat the father, cold and stern. He looked upon the scene without giving evidence of the slightest emotion. Standing near him was the portly bailiff of the court, who seemed undetermined as to the right course to pursue.

"Give the child to the father," said the judge.

The bailiff advanced, and the little one clung closer to its mother, and tears began to roll down its cheeks.

The manly bailiff dreaded his task, and turned to the court with a look which meant: "I cannot do it, judge; they love each other."

Again the order came from the bench:

"Mr. Bail if, take the child from the mother and give it to the father. He is the custodian by law, and this court or habeas corpus cannot alter that decree."

The mother saw that it was useless longer to resist. She yielded to the demand of the bailiff, but the child did not yield. Unable to appreciate the order of the court, the tiny girl fought the brawny bailiff, kicking and crying until she was landed in her father's arms.

The mother's heart seemed broken as the father carried off the squirming baby in his arms. She cried and would not be comforted.

This scene is the sequel to a divorce suit determined by Judge Wilson last September. Lydia Kennedy sued Albert W. Kennedy for divorce on the grounds of cruelty, failure to provide and desertion. They had been married twenty-three years and had six children, the care and custody of which were awarded to the father, though the divorce was allowed the wife. Not being able to stand the separation from the youngest, Mrs. Kennedy, a few days since, got possession of the little girl. The father sued out a writ of habeas corpus, and it was upon the hearing of the writ that the court gave the order which caused the pi iful scene described.

And this might happen in every state in this great and glorious Union but four. Do you suppose that women would assent to such laws if they could vote?

Had I time and space, I could give you a great many more reasons why women should have the ballot.

RIGHT VS. EXPEDIENCY.

Your papa says "it may be right but it is not expedient." My dear, that is sophistry, pure and simple. The right is *always* expedient. It is obdience to God's law. And so far as I can learn, He does not need any advice from His creatures as to when it should be put into operation. Obedience to the right never yet worked harm, because it is obedience to God. All that it is necessary to know is whether a certain course of conduct is right or not, then let the Creator take care of the consequences.

PROGRESS OF THE CAUSE.

As to whether woman suffrage is making any progress in this country and Great Britain or not, let me give you a few facts When the agitation began 30 or 40 years ago, there was not such a thing known here as a woman's voting. The very mention brought down a tempest of ridicule and sarcasm, as those brave women who began the agitation have reason to know. To-day women have full suffrage in Wyoming Territory, and 20 years' experience proves its success, for it has earned public approval. Kansas gave municipal suffrage to women in the spring of 1885, and that state still prospers. In fourteen states women have school suffrage, and though opponents urge that they do not vote largely, yet it is shown that those who do, are the intelligent and self-respecting, and not the bad and ignorant. When there is an important issue raised, they come out in large numbers as in Boston last year. "In two of the states women now vote (on petition) on the granting of liquor licenses."

In England, since 1869, unmarried women vote on the same terms as men in all elections, except for members of Parliament. Five years ago Scottish women were given the same right and last year the women of Belfast, Ireland. Several hundred thousand women voted recently for county offices in England and one lady has been elected an alderman in London. Over in Canada single women and widows who ow property and pay taxes have municipal suffrage in Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Manitoba, and in Ontario there is now a strong movement in favor of giving women parliamentary suffrage also. So you see that your father is mistaken about no progress having been made.

CALLED STRONG-MINDED.

Do I hate to be called strong-minded? Not if I am in the least acquainted with myself. Not if it places me upon the side where are such grand women as Lucy Stone, Mrs. Livermore, Frances Willard, Mrs. Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Anna Dickinson, Clara Barton and Florence Nigthingale, with the hundreds of others whose names are synonyms for usefulness in the world, in some of the various directions in which great work is being done for humanity.

Besides, what is the meaning of the word strong? Men glory in their strength of mind, and why should it be a reproach to woman? I suppose you think the term, when applied to us has a different signification, but that is true only in the minds of weaklings. Do you believe that understanding the principles of good government and expressing your opinion of the best way to secure it, by depositing a tiny bit of paper in a box once a year, is going to make you forget your womanhood and become a termagant? You would be weak indeed if it could do so. Some of the truest women I know, the best wives and mothers, and the most efficient housekeepers, would vote to-morrow if they could, and their vote would be cast on the side of law and order; they would use, without fear or favor, the influence of their ballots to secure such legislation as would be surest to protect their sons and daughters from corruption. I know, too, good and intelligent women who do not believe in woman suffrage as a means of reaching and curing the evils which they deplore. They have a right to their opinion, but they are no better and no more gentle and womanly because they so believe.

No, indeed, I do not hate to be called strong-minded, if I am so named because I object to being any longer classed with children, idiots, lunatics, paupers and criminals.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

NOW is the time when suggestions for anything new to decorate the homes will be especially welcome to the members of the HOUSEHOLD. Particularly is this true with regard to pretty and inexpensive articles. Let every member feel a personal interest in sending anything which she likes herself and which she thinks will interest others.

LAMBREQUINS:—A. M. B. in BLADE, March 14, asked for an "inexpensive lambrequin pattern." That is just a very indefinite, that one cannot tell whether it is a shelf lambrequin, window lambrequin or for a corner what not. But we will assume that it is for a shelf, say three feet long or more. Then her idea of cheapness might be construed to meet two or three grades of expense.

An inexpensive one may be made of the very coarsest crash. Fringe one edge (the last thing you do) about 4 to 6 inches deep; leave a space about two inches then draw the threads from two inches. Then into this space draw a ribbon—or what is just as good and less liable to fade, a strip of turkey-red calico—by going under about one-half an inch of threads and over as many. Above and below this space, work a row of feather stitch, with turkey-red marking cotton, (red floss). Turn down the top to the width the lambrequin is desired to be, and work another row of feather stitch. Fasten onto the shelf with brass-headed furniture nails, or what is almost as good, round-headed carpet tacks. Or, above the fringe stamp a vine of any width desired; but let it be coarse as maybe, and outline with No. 8 or 14 red marking cotton.

A comparatively inexpensive lambrequin may also be made of felt. I prefer it made into a scarf. We'll say your shelf is about four feet long, and eight or ten inches wide. Get two yards wide. Get half a yard. It is to cover the top of the shelf. Let it reach just to one end, say the right hand end. This will leave two feet hanging from the other end, which should be sashed fine for a fringe about six inches deep. Gather the width up to this end of the shelf, and fasten with a bow of ribbon. This lets the end hang down straight and flat. From the right hand end have a spray of daisies, or some long spray of flowers run from the bottom corner over toward the middle. This may be outlined with embroidery silk in colors to suit the pattern. On the end hanging down have a bunch of roses outlined same as the other. If your shelf is shorter, you can have enough for a pretty chair tidy by outlining a small design upon it, and a row of feather stitch around the edge or pinking the edge.

The outline work done with embroidery silk is almost as pretty as embroidery and very cheap. I like the shaded rather better. Use colors suitable for design.—MRS. O. C. TOCKER.

ANOTHER SUGGESTION ABOUT LAMBREQUINS.—"A. M. B." wishes an inexpensive lambrequin. Procure ⅛ yard of some dark colored flannel (mine is dark brown), take a piece of chalk and trace a vine about 6 inches from the bottom. Two skeins of green embroidery silk and one of white will be required. These may be bought paper and letters and bundles of all sorts and sizes, as proof that our friends out in the world have not forgotten us quite. How much these tokens help us the givers can never know, for even here we have "gind days, and sad days, and bad days," which bring "their fullness of sunshine, or sorrowful night."

Among other things comes a package of choice fern roots from Southern California, "just right to set out." Bless her heart! She don't know what snow is down there. The latest was a box La France and La Bella rosebuds, golden chrysanthemums, etc., from another dear friend in Portland, Oregon, where they have fog and rain instead of snow and sunshine. My house plants are thrifty as we could wish, and the morning-glory, swings out sweet bells in purple, blue and white.

A handful of twigs gathered during a walk in the woods have already made brave show of leaves and blossoms, being simply placed in a tiny jar of water. Some branches of balm have thrown off slender white roots. There is a deal of satisfaction in watching the unfolding of tiny leaves and blossoms. Try it. One of my table ornaments on Christmas day (a month ago) was a lot of watercress, with roots, placed in a dish of greenest moss. It is growing nicely yet.

Mary Summers, I wish you could visit me a few days. I'd show you so many beautiful things in nature for reference, for to all who will take, you would wonder you ever dreamed of using scraps or "soiled artificials" for "decoration." My dear girl, don't! Grains and grasses grow in Nebraska, too, and if gathered and dried in various stages of development make lovely bouquets and wreaths. For a mere trifle florist will furnish seeds of several varieties of "everlasting flowers" of various colors, which mix in charmingly. A part of the grasses can be brightened with alum frost. Pressed leaves, a fan made of the tail of wild birds, or the wings fastened by loops of ribbon, give variety. Choose pretty pictures, frame them with oat straws, fastened on pasteboard foundations, laying as many side by side as wanted, crossing at corners, and caught down—if so liked—by fancy stitches in bright colors. Small branches of evergreens, lichen covered twigs, pine cones, acorns and moss all work in well. Make screen frames of some light pieces of boards, well, broomsticks or cornstalks do fairly well; fasten together with cord hinges, cover with cloth on one side, then work up the pretty scraps you will get into a "crazy" cover for the other side. Tack with pink or blue zephyr, button-hole the edge, and crochet a pretty shell border. One of these, made thicker, is nice to put in the bottom of the buggy, or to put over a sleeping child, or to throw over your lap when you have on a nice dress and want to hold baby.

Crazy work is pretty, if lined nicely and edged with heavy lace, that crocheted of cream-line thread in antique pattern, four or six inches deep, looks very nice. A square, a white felt or plush, embroidered in ribbon work, wild roses and forget-me-nots, lined with blue or pink satin, and edged with oriental or Spanish lace, is "just lovely." White flannel, cashmere or other grades can be used instead of plush or felt. A pretty one is crimson felt, embroidered in outline. It is lined with the same (both sides can be worked, one in ribbon work daisies, the other in outline in gold colored silk). Baste together and pink. Rip apart—do not baste white lace around the edge of the top pieces and fasten into place by a tiny star worked in each notch in gay colored silk. Work the same stars on the other piece and place together. Now thread your machine with heavy silk and stitch together just back of the stars. Or you can blind stitch them together. Elder down or jersey flannel make good ones. Squares or circles of lace or crochet, joined together, edged with lace and lined with some bright color, are pretty for summer. Crocheted in shell, star or crazy stitch of white saxony, with narrow ribbon run through them, is another way.—MONTANA MAY.

KNITTING AND CROCHTING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; sl ch st, close chain stitch; d ch st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet: c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o sh st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

TWO NARROW LACE EDGES—Ch 8. 1st row—sh in 4th st—ch 2—sh in 8th st—ch 4—turn; 2d row—sh in sh—ch 1—1 sc under ch 2—ch 1—sh in sh—1 d c in ch 3 left at commencement of 1st row—ch 3—turn; 3d row—sh in sh—ch 2—sh in sh—10 d c in ch 4 of last row—ch 1—turn; 4th row—4 ch and 1 sc between each of 10 d c—ch 1—sh in sh—ch 1—1 sc under ch 2—ch 1—sh in sh—1 d c in ch 3—ch 3—turn—1st row of 2d scallop—sh in sh—ch 2—sh in sh—ch 4—turn. Repeat from 2d row.

Second one—Ch 8. 1st row—sh in 4th st—ch 1—1 d c in 6th st—ch 4—1 sc in 8th st—ch 2—turn; 2d row—10 d c under ch 4—1 d c on d c—ch 1—sh in sh—1 d c in 3 ch—ch 3—turn; 3d row—sh in sh—1—1 d c on d c—1 d c on each of 10 d c, with 1 ch between—ch 4—turn; 4th row—1 sc and 4 ch between each of 10 d c of preceding row—ch 1—1 d c on d c—ch 1—sh in sh—1 d c in ch 3—3 ch—turn—1st row of 2d scallop—sh in sh—ch 1—1 d c on d c—ch 4—1 sc in 4th ch of last row. Repeat from 2d row.

I have about 55 patterns of lace, and I will send some of them to THE HOUSEHOLD if they will be accepted.—FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD.

Send them along if they are not long.—ED.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN APPEAL.—Dear friends and readers of THE BLADE, I appeal to you in behalf of a dear old lady who needs help. She is a childless widow, who has no home, no money, is no longer able to support herself and has no relatives who are able to care for her. She has always been an honest, hard-working woman, and for many years a devoted Christian. I am trying to raise a little fund to provide for her a home where she can spend the remnant of her days in comfort and peace, and I ask all who can to help. Especially do I ask the King's Daughters and all Christians, to help in this work, which was undertaken "In His Name." Miss Bouton knows me and can assure you that all money sent to me will be honestly used for the purpose for which it is sent. Address Mrs. R. K. Sieg, New Salem, Mass.

The writer of the above is well known to many of THE HOUSEHOLD as "Fanny Field," and the Editor will vouch for her sincerity of purpose in this matter to those who do not know her. It is against the rules of THE HOUSEHOLD to insert anything asking for money, but an exception is made in this case for good reasons.—ED.

A BEAUTIFUL WINTER LAND.—O, the wonderful beauty of this "Winter land" of ours! Crayons in skilful hand might picture some of its scenes, but pen and ink at best, falls far short of adequate description. When snow lies 20 inches deep, mercury at 38° above, and eaves adrip, it seems a land of enchantment. All the forest is robed in royal white; every tree, from lowest to topmost twig bending with its fleecy burden, and not a breath of wind, favors the gatherer, to stir them. Every little while a tiny branch let slip its overload, which strikes another, and another as it falls, until a dense snow-cloud hides the tree, and powders well him who walks below. Look which way we may, it is a wierdly beautiful scene, ever changing, yet ever the same. I suppose we enjoy it the more because we look out from the heart of comfort, our "ain fireside," glowing and warm.

How I pity you, oh! ye dwellers on on the wild, bleak prairie, where the wind never ceases the to blow, where the snow pileth itself in drifts, the mercury seems trying to find a warm place in the cellar, and oh! how you watch the vanishing of your scanty pile of fuel. Just think of having all the wood—pitch wood, too—you can burn for the cutting. Think of the thousands of cords that are rolled into heaps and burned, just to get it out of the way. That is one thing I can't make seem right, but in some cases there is no other way. But how I do wish the surplus now destroyed could be transported to places and people who need it so much. Of course land must be cleared for farming purposes, but a very great deal is being needlessly destroyed by men who care for nothing but the dollars they gain. The supply seems practically unlimited, but the day will come even here when every stick will be valuable. Saw mills are starting only a few miles away, and many a fern-clad nook will be laid bare to the summer sun, and the beauty of the "forest primeval" disappears with the last glimpse of graceful sicer, which had clothed it. No one who loves nature the ragged edges left by wheels of progress are a source of pain. We can only hope the law of compensation will not fail us here.

We've have had such a lovely winter here. No snow until past the middle of January, and no really cold weather yet. It is just right for sleighriding, and jolly fun to go away through the forest paths to farm land—to call on some of our new neighbors. We find pleasant homes, pleasant people, pretty and well behaved children, and feel it is good to find more "tapers alight" in other corners of our beloved pine woods. Our own special corner is cosy and warm and bright, with something for every moment to claim. And the post boy comes occasionally with the papers and letters and bundles of all sorts and sizes, as proof that our friends out in the world have not forgotten us quite. How much these tokens help us the givers can never know, for even here we have "gind days, and sad days, and bad days," which bring "their fullness of sunshine, or sorrowful night."

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Mary Summers, I wish you could visit me a few days. I'd show you so many beautiful things in nature for reference, for to all who will take, you would wonder you ever dreamed of using scraps or "soiled artificials" for "decoration." My dear girl, don't! Grains and grasses grow in Nebraska, too, and if gathered and dried in various stages of development make lovely bouquets and wreaths. For a mere trifle florist will furnish seeds of several varieties of "everlasting flowers" of various colors, which mix in charmingly. A part of the grasses can be brightened with alum frost. Pressed leaves, a fan made of the tail of wild birds, or the wings fastened by loops of ribbon, give variety. Choose pretty pictures, frame them with oat straws, fastened on pasteboard foundations, laying as many side by side as wanted, crossing at corners, and caught down—if so liked—by fancy stitches in bright colors. Small branches of evergreens, lichen covered twigs, pine cones, acorns and moss all work in well. Make screen frames of some light pieces of boards, well, broomsticks or cornstalks do fairly well; fasten together with cord hinges, cover with cloth on one side, then work up the pretty scraps you will get into a "crazy" cover for the other side. Then tell us about it. Birch bark lends its willing beauty to almost any design. Frames made of pasteboard and covered with velvet plush, or dark cloth, are rich in effect, and admit of various ornamentations. Frames made of coarse sandpaper and bronzed, are very pretty. And all these can be disposed of with less regret when a change is wanted. But nothing brightens a room so much as a stand of thrifty plants. Will tell you how to be sure of them. spite of cold weather, if the information is wanted.—JEANIE.

The HOUSEHOLD would like the benefit of this knowledge.—ED.

INQUIRIES.

Will some one please tell me how to grow fern in a fernery without moulding? Mine are all decayed. Also, how to make a fernery.—MRS. WM. NEWTON, Waldron, Ind.

Would you like a few recipes each week to print in your paper?—MRS. J. M. WALKER, York, Neb.

If you have good ones, which you have tested.—ED.

Will some one that has had experience please tell how to banish fleas from the premises?—A SUFFERER FROM FLEA BITES.

Will some one tell me what causes buds to fall off geraniums? Aldso, will some one send a pattern for a scarf tidy?—NECKEBENE, Dawson, Pa.

I would like very much to have a nice lace pattern 25 or 30 inches wide.—MRS. L. GBERT, Chestnut, Logan co., Ill.

I am a widow, and have one child, a boy five years old; am very anxious to go to California to spend one year, and would like to correspond with some lady living there. Address box 54, Dupont, O.

Will some of the readers help me to a Chinese lilly and some house plants or seeds? I will send to BLADE wax recipe and how to sheet it ready to make flowers, and also how to do oriental painting and how to make molds out of plaster of paris to make fruit if desired.—N. N. BELL, Rosalie, W. N.

I see in the BLADE that several have offered to send reading matter to others. I am a little girl 13 years old and have five little brothers and sisters. Would some of you please send me papers or books that would be good for a little girl to read? I love to read the HOUSEHOLD and the little stories in the BLADE. Mamma won't let me read everything that comes along. She tells me it will do me harm. We are poor, and don't take any paper but the good old BLADE.—HETTIE B. HIBBS, Isadore, Worth county, Mo.

Will some one please explain the abbreviations of crocheting. I can crochet but I can't make out the abbreviations?—CLARA K.

These have been explained several times in these columns, but if anyone will write them out clearly and carefully and *briefly* they will be inserted again.—ED.

I see one lady says she can send directions for a togue. I would like to have them. I can send directions for cresent lace, if any wishes.—LOTTIE.

I do hope some one will give us some help on the "chigger" question. Is there not some preventive as well as cure?—TEMPEST.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

M. E. V.: Your idea is a most excellent one. To learn how to organize and carry on such a work, write to the National Woman's Temperance Union, Chicago, and ask for directions for organization. They also have publications containing just what you want. When you have made your arrangements, write to the HOUSEHOLD again about the badges.—ED.

Kansas Girl: There is no impropriety in asking a young man home with you from church, providing he is not a perfect stranger, or one whose antecedents you do not know.—ED.

Will "Minda, of Puget Sound," please tell me the meaning of 1, sk. 5 st., in the first row of imitation of Maltese lace, as I do not know what kind of stitch it is? I understand all of the pattern except that one stitch.—IRENE.

It means turn, skip 5 stitches.—ED.

There is a letter for "Montana May" awaiting her address.—ED.

Tell "Newcomer" that cast off in knitting means to knit two stitches and slip the first stitch over the second.—MRS. M. Y. G.

I thank the sisters of the HOUSEHOLD for their valuable recipes. The recipes alone are worth more than the cost of THE BLADE. I wish to thank the lady that gave the roup recipe. Last summer I lost a great many young chickens and turkeys by not knowing what to do for them. I had some chickens this spring that had the roup. One application cured them.—HARRIET KELLY.

If the lady at Greenfield, Iowa, will take equal parts of ammonia and water, say two spoonfuls of each, and some whiting and a soft rag, dip the rag in the liquid first and then in the dry whiting, and rub her castor well, then polish with another clean, soft cloth, it will restore its color and make it look like new. The whiting should be washed out of the rough parts of the silver and not be allowed to dry in, filling up all the crevices.—M. S. W., San Diego, Calif.

In answer to "Melvina," in THE BLADE of January 31, I will say I have been studying German from Comfort's "German Course." It is quite easy, and if the grammatical part up to conversations is carefully studied, quite a little German will be known. Any bookseller can procure it. It will cost about $1.35.

To the lady who wanted to know how to take mildew off of lace: I took an ugly one off of my face by applying inside of lemon.

If the person signing "Subscriber," in THE BLADE of a few weeks ago, will write to me, I will send the pattern and directions for "sunrise" bed quilt.—MARY HALLOCK, Stanwood Mich.

EASTER LUNCHEON.

Last week the HOUSEHOLD was told how to give an Easter party. Now I want to give an idea of an Easter luncheon. This requires the guests to be seated at a long table together. The decorations may be the same as before, with any variations that are liked.

It is now quite stylish at the East to serve at the beginning of a lunch, instead of soup or raw oysters, some kind of dressed fruit. Here, then, is a simple menu:

Sliced Oranges.
Stuffed Eggs with Cream sauce; serve
Wafers or Bread with it.
Breaded Lamb Chops, Peas.
Lobster Salad with Wafers.
Easter Jelly with Whipped Cream.
Coffee.

Salted almonds, olives and celery may remain upon the table through the different courses.

The Easter jelly for the dessert is made in this way: Cut the rind from two oranges in long and very narrow strips, put them in water enough to cover them and stew them gently until they are tender. Then add a half cupful of sugar and summer fifteen minutes longer in the syrup. Lay them out carefully to cool. Be sure and not break them.

Take a half dozen eggs, make a hole not larger than a half-dime in the top of each and take out the contents. Put water in and wash out thoroughly by shaking. Fill each shell with white blanc-mange, then "just right to set well." Bless her heart! She don't know what snow is down there. The latest was a box La France and La Bella rosebuds, golden chrysanthemums, etc., from another dear friend in Portland, Oregon, where they have fog and rain instead of snow and sunshine. My house plants are thrifty as we could wish, and the morning-glory, swings out sweet bells in purple, blue and white.

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RECIPES.

DRY YEAST.—Take 2 pinteupfuls of flour and scald with hop water. When cool stir in 1 cupful of yeast, let raise, then add 1 cupful of sugar, 1½ tablespoonfuls of ginger, let raise, then mix with fresh white corn meal.

CORN PONE.—Two eggs, 2½ cupfuls of sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, ½ tablespoonful of sugar, ½ tablespoonful of butter, ½ teaspoonful of salt. Beat the white of eggs alone, and stir in last corn meal to mix well.

I have a great many good recipes, and will send them to THE BLADE if the editor requires.—WINONA.

THE HOUSEHOLD will be glad to have them.—ED.

SNOWBALLS.—Pare and core six apples; fill the space with a little marmalade of any kind, or sugar and spice with a bit of chopped lemon or orange peel. Place each apple in a separate cloth, and scatter over each two tablespoonfuls of rice. Tie rather loosely, and boil for one hour. For the sauce, cream a piece of butter the size of an egg with a cup of fine sugar; add the grated rind and juice of one orange, or its equivalent in any kind of fruit juice from canned fruit. Pour over slowly a pint of boiling water.—MRS. X.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

ARGUSVILLE, DAK.	LUANA, IOWA.
Hannah Olson,	Edna Ames,
Christina Olson,	Emma Owens,
Andrew Olson,	Maggie Dickson,
Anna Blixt,	Nellie Dickson,
Albert Denison,	Mae Dickson,
Anna Denison,	Adella Fewell,
Lilly Denison.	Alta Bell,
FARGO, DAK.	Belle Lamborn,
Joseph Spencer,	Harry Lamborn,
W. C. Oliver,	John Dunning,
T. E. Oliver.	Frank Dunning,
LITTLE FALLS, W. VA.	Cora Perkins,
Freddie F. Reeves,	Perry Perkins.
Albertis H. Reeves,	GARDNERSVILLE, KY.
Effie May Reeves.	Fannie Hopkins,
FAIRFAX C. H., VA.	Hattie Hopkins,
George E. Howard,	Frank Hopkins,
Charles H. Jerman,	Pearl Hopkins,
Roscoe Hawxhurst,	Carrie Cornelius,
Henry Hawxhurst,	Mollie Cornelius,
Mamie Hawxhurst,	Iris Cornelius,
Reginald L. Marks,	Eva Gardner,
Eva Marks,	May Linder,
F. Oswald Staats,	Lillie Faulkner,
John R. Jacobs,	Addie Golden,
Everett B. Whaley,	Virgia Golden,
Ida J. Ginnelley,	Nellie Golden.
Lizzie H. Ginnelley,	MOORHEAD, MINN.
Albert J. Ginnelley,	May Oliver.
Mabel Ginnelley.	

Names this week, 64. Total 36,092.

The above embraces all names received up to March 28.

OLD DOLL.

KATE UPSON CLARK.

"Old Doll is tired," her master said;
"How hard she works all day!
Now to the pasture geeen and cool
Old Doll shall haste away.
And there the faithful, patient horse
Shall rest her weary bones.
Nor hear for weeks the hateful carts
Rattling across the stones."

Old Doll for many years has drawn
The nails to catch the trains;
A mile each way she has to go,
Through sun, or snows, or rains.
And passengers she carries, too,
A score a day or more,
Until we know poor Dolly's feet
Must be quite lame and sore.

And that was what her master thought,
When he proposed a change,
"I'll use my other horse awhile,
And let old Dolly range.
Come, Doll!" he said, and with a rope
He led her, wondering, on,
Till safe within the pasture bars
The good old horse had gone.

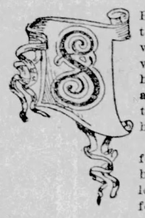
"Good-by, old Doll!" her master said;
But close old Doll stayed by.
He drove her back, "Good-by, old Doll!"
But Doll would not "good-by."
With whinny and with doleful cry
Right on his heels she pressed,
Till he was fain to understand
Doll did not want to rest.

So now each day old Doll goes by
To meet the screeching train;
Her master says he shall not try
To pasture her again.
Still, still, she stands amid the din,
Unbridled, but starting not;
How strange that she should like this life
More than the pasture-lot!

For the Young Folks.

CARLOTTA.

BY E. W. BRIDGMAN.



SHE was a fair-haired thoughtful little girl, who lived in one of the western states. She had a pleasant home and a great many pretty things to make her happy.

I will tell the little folks how she came to bear the name of Carlotta. She was born a few years after that shameful affair in Mexico which deprived the Emperor Maximilian of his life. His wife was Princess Carlotta, daughter of Leopold I. of Belgium. I can hardly tell you in this paper of the heroism and suffering of this beautiful young princess. It was Maximilian's last words, "Poor Carlotta," that suggested the name of the little fair-haired western girl of whom I write.

A lady friend had sent Mrs. B., Carlotta's mamma, some beautiful flowers. Among them was a coleus that Carlotta admired very much. It had large, glossy leaves that seemed to have been painted scarlet, gold and green, shaded with every brilliant hue that nature could suggest. Carlotta was so enraptured with its beauty that her mamma gave her permission to put the slip in moist sand and let it grow. Great was her delight when it began to throw out new leaves and gather brighter colors from the sunlight. She was never weary of caring for it, and when the cold winter came she kept it in a sunny window and carefully protected it from frost. Oh, how it did grow! It seemed to be trying to excel the other plants in the room. Its large tropical leaves seemed to coax the sun and air for every shade of beauty known to the rainbow. When spring came it was so large it had to be put into a large pot, and when it was placed on the rack with other flowers it was a mass of loveliness that every one admired. Carlotta was very proud of her plant. She called it her "very own" and never grew tired of showing it to her mates and talking of its beauties.

One day her mamma took her to see a sick girl, whose name was Clara. Carlotta had known and loved Clara ever since she could remember. But now she was slowly wasting away with a disease that could not be cured. The room where she lay was neat and clean, and a kind mother watched by her bedside. But it seemed very sad to see one so young fading away without one glimpse of the trees and flowers that were reveling in midsummer beauty in every nook of mead and woodland. Clara loved flowers very much, and Mrs. B. promised to bring her some growing plants to keep in her room. That evening Carlotta was very thoughtful and petted her plant a great deal, and the next day when her mamma was doing up some of her choicest plants for Clara, she came and asked if she might carry her coleus, too.

"Are you willing to part with your pretty plant?"

"Yes, mamma, please let me take it to poor Clara," and the little face looked very grave.

Her mamma told her she might take it, for she knew it was teaching her little daughter a valuable lesson. So the coleus went to brighten the sick room, and as Clara lay there coughing her life away, let us hope that it shortened some weary hours and brought sweet memories of her little friend.

The autumn leaves had only just began to fall when Clara closed her weary eyes on earth to open them in a land where there is no pain.

Carlotta twined a wreath of fairest flowers and laid them on her breast, and her tears fell thick and fast on the new-made grave; but she says, "Oh, mamma, how glad I am I tried to make her happy."

THE PRESIDENT'S HORSE.

BY MARY S. M'COBB.

He was very fond of eggs.
Who? The President?
No, no, no. I'm not talking about him yet. Which reminds me that perhaps I had better begin at the beginning.

The college was not as renowned as it has since become. I shall not tell you its "name," nor "where's its home," but I will confide in you that the famous class of 1825 graduated from this university. The poet Longfellow was one of its members. So also was shy, fanciful Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had not yet dreamed The Marble Faun nor The House of the Seven Gables.

The college president in 1803 lived in a small house and watched over the boys and studied the classics, and was a virtuous and a learned man.

Very likely he too was fond of eggs; else why did Chloe, the colored cook, peril her life to save them?

And how to save them was a problem; for *he* liked them, and *he* was the president's horse; and though he knew neither Latin nor Greek, he was a deal too wise in other matters.

His intimate friend was the gray hen. He understood her language without having had to conjugate the verbs.

"Cut-cut-cut-cut-crr-rr-rr-" was a neuter verb, present, with a predicate adjective attached, and meant, "I am content."

"Quawk-*cuck*-AWK-AWK!" was active, and signified, "I fear, I flutter, I fly."

But "Cackle—cackle—cack-kle-kle!" was always indicative mood, past tense. "I have laid!"

Bucephalus could add the objective case, and chuckled to himself, "An egg! an egg! She's laid a new egg!"

Then out of the halter would that knowing beast twist his head and prance across the barn floor. It did not take him two minutes to find the egg. It did not take him half a minute to crunch and eat it.

Back to his stall he would steal, and stand there as meek and mild as though he had never—stolen. (Which I hope you will see is a joke!)

Now this was all very droll in its way; all very cunning in Bucephalus; all very instructive from a scientific point of view. Mr. Charles Darwin would have hugged himself if he had known that horse.

Still, if Bucephalus ate the eggs, what would become of the president's omelets and puddings?

"Dat ar ain't to be did," quoth Chloe in her simple English.

So she laid a trap, did Chloe.

Perhaps you have some time come across an egg that was not—well, to put it delicately—that was not as fresh as when first laid—an egg somewhat addled? Chloe had an egg of that description, and she stood expectant.

She watched the gray hen with a careful eye. She knew when that fowl crept softly to the farther corner of the barn. Holding the addled egg in her brown palm, Chloe waited.

"Cackle—cackle—cackle-kle-kle!"

Chloe sped barnward. Need was that she should hurry. Other eyes, other ears, had been as sharp as hers.

Across the yard, into the shed, ran two feet; across the yard, into the shed, galloped four

Talmage's Sermon.

NINETEENTH CENTURY'S WONDERS

Some of the Most Awful Disasters in History Have Occurred During the Past Nine Decades—The Spirit of Christianity Spreading Over the Earth.

KANSAS CITY, March 31.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage preached a sermon here today on "Wonders of Disaster and Blessing," his text being, "I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth." Joel ii, 30. He said:

Dr. Cumming—great and good man—would have told us the exact time of the fulfilment of this prophecy. As I stepped into his study in London on my arrival from Paris just after the French had surrendered at Sedan, the good doctor said to me: "It is just as I told you about France; people laughed at me because I talked about the seven horns and the vials, but I foresaw all this from the Book of Daniel and the Book of Revelation." Not taking any such responsibility in the interpretation of the passage, I simply assert that there is in it suggestions of many things in our time.

Our eyes dilate and our heart quickens its pulsations as we read of events in the third century, the sixth century, the eighth century, the fourteenth century; but there are more far reaching events crowded into the nineteenth century than in any other, and the last quarter bids fair to eclipse the preceding three quarters. We read in the daily newspapers of events announced in one paragraph, and without special emphasis—of events which a Herodotus, a Josephus, Xenophon, a Gibbon would have taken whole chapters or whole volumes to elaborate. Looking out upon our time, we must cry out, in the words of the text: "Wonders in the heavens and in the earth."

I propose to show you that the time in which we live is wonderful for disaster and wonderful for blessing, for there must be lights and shades in this picture as in all others. Need I argue this day that our time is wonderful for disaster? Our world has had a rough time since by the hand of God it was bowled out into space. It is an epileptic earth: convulsion after convulsion; frosts pounding it with sledge hammer of iceberg, and fires melting it with furnaces seven hundred times heated. It is a wonder to me it has lasted so long. Meteors shooting by on this side and grazing it, none of them slowing up for safety. Whole fleets and navies and argosies and flotillas of worlds sweeping all about us. Our earth like a fishing smack off the banks of Newfoundland, while the Etruria, and the Germanic, and the Arizona, and the City of New York rush by. Besides that, our world has by sin been damaged in its internal machinery, and ever and anon the furnaces have burst, and the walking beams of the mountains have broken, and the islands have slipped a cog, and the great hulk of the world has been jarred with accidents that ever and anon threatened immediate demolition. But it seems to us as if our century were especially characterized by disasters, volcanic, cyclonic, oceanic, epidemic. I say volcanic, because an earthquake is only a volcano hushed up. When Stromboli and Cotopaxi and Vesuvius stop breathing, let the foundations of the earth beware. Seven thousand earthquakes in twelve centuries recorded in the catalogue of the British association. Trajan, the emperor, goes to ancient Antioch, and amid the splendors of his reception is met by an earthquake that nearly destroys the emperor's life. Lisbon, fair and beautiful at 1 o'clock on the 1st of November, 1755, in six minutes 60,000 have perished, and Voltaire writes of them: "For that region I was the last judgment, nothing wanting but a trumpet!" Europe and America feeling the throb: 1,500 chimneys in Boston partly or fully destroyed.

But the disasters of other centuries have had their counterpart in our own. In 1812 Caracas was caught in the grip of the earthquake; in 1822, in Chili, 100,000 square miles of land by volcanic force upheaved to four and seven feet of permanent elevation. In 1854 Japan felt the geological agony; Naples shaken in 1857; Mexico in 1858; Medosa, the capital of the Argentine Republic, in 1861; Manilla terrorized in 1863; the Hawaiian islands by such force uplifted and let down in 1871; Nevada shaken in 1871; Antioch in 1872; California in 1872; San Salvador in 1873; while in 1883 what subterranean excitements! Ischia, an island of the Mediterranean, a beautiful island, with waving trees, vineyard clad, surrounded by all natural charm and historical reminiscence; yonder, Capri, the summer resort of the Roman emperors; yonder Naples, the paradise of art—this beautiful island suddenly toppled into the trough of the earth, 8,000 merry makers perishing, and some of them so far down beneath the reach of human obsequies that it may be said of them as it was said of Moses, "The Lord buried him." Italy weeping, all Europe weeping, all Christendom weeping where there were hearts to sympathize and Christians to pray. But while the nations were measuring that magnitude of disaster, measuring it not with golden rod like that with which the angel measured heaven, but with the black rule of death, Java, one of the Indian archipelago, the most fertile island of all the earth, is caught in the grip of earthquake, and mountain after mountain goes down, and city after city, until that island, which produces the healthiest beverage of all the world, has produced the ghastliest accident of the century. One hundred thousand people dying, dying, dead, dead.

But look at the disasters cyclonic. At the mouth of the Ganges are three islands—the Hattiah, the Sundeep and the Dakin Shahazpore. In the midnight of October, 1877, on all those three islands, the cry was, "The waters, the waters!" A cyclone arose and rolled the sea over those three islands, and of a population of 340,000, 215,000 were drowned. Only those saved who had climbed to the top of the highest trees. Did you ever see a cyclone? No? Then I pray God you may never see one. I saw one on the ocean, and it swept in 800 miles of house and ocean, and for 36 hours during the cyclone and after it we expected every moment to go to the bottom. They told us before we retired at 9 o'clock that the barometer had fallen, but at 11 o'clock at night we were awakened with the shock of the waves. All the lights out. Crash! went all the life boats. Waters rushing through the skylights down into the cabin and down on the furnaces until they hissed and smoked in the deluge. Seven hundred people praying, blaspheming, shrieking. Our great ship poised a moment on the top of a mountain of phosphorescent fire, and then plunged down, down, down, until it seemed as if she never would again be righted. Ah! you never want to see a cyclone at sea. But I was in Minnesota, where there was one of those cyclones on land that swept the city of Rochester from its foundation and took dwelling houses, barns, men, women, children, horses, cattle, and tossed them into indiscriminate ruin, and lifted a rail train and dashed it down, a mightier hand than that of the engineer on the air brake. Cyclone in Kansas, cyclone in Missouri, cyclone in Wisconsin, cyclone in Illinois, cyclone in Iowa. Satan, prince of the power of the air, never made such cyclonic disturbances as he has in our day. And am I not right in saying that one of the characteristics of the time in which we live is disaster cyclonic?

But look at the disasters oceanic. Shall I call the roll of the dead shipping? Ye monsters of the deep, answer when I call your names. Ville de Havre, the Schiller, City of Boston, the Melville, the President, the Cimbria. But why should I go on calling the roll when none of them answer, and the roll is an empty sea, the white scrolls the Atlantic surf at Cape Hatteras breakers? If the oceanic cables could report all the scattered life and all the bleached bones that they rub against in the depths of the ocean, what a message of pathos and tragedy for both beaches! In one storm eighty fishermen perished off the coast of Newfoundland, and whole fleets of them off the coast of England. God help the poor fellows at sea, and give high seats in heaven to the Grace Darlings and the Ida Lewises and the lifeboat men hovering around Goodwin's Sands and the Skerries. The sea, owning three-fourths of the earth, proposes to capture the other fourth, and is bombarding the land all around the earth. The moving of our hotels at Brighton Beach backward one hundred yards from where they once stood, a type of what is going on all around the world and on every coast. The Dead sea rolls to-day where ancient cities stood. Pillars of temples that stood on hills geologists now find three-quarters under the water or altogether submerged. The sea, having wrecked so many merchantmen and flotillas, wants to wreck the continents, and hence disasters oceanic.

Look at the disasters epidemic. I speak not of the plague in the fourth century that ravaged Europe, and in Moscow and the Neapolitan dominions and Marseilles wrought such terror in the eighteenth century, but I look at the yellow fevers, and the choleras, and the diphtherias, and the scarlet fevers, and the typhoids of our time. Hear the wailing of Memphis, and Shreveport, and New Orleans, and Jacksonville of the last few decades. From Hurdwar, India, where every twelfth year 3,000,000 devotees congregate, the caravans brought the cholera, and that one disease slew 18,000 in eighteen days in Bossorah. Twelve thousand in one summer slain by it in India, and 25,000 in Egypt. Disasters epidemic. Some of the finest monuments in Greenwood and Laurel Hill and Mount Auburn are to doctors who lost their life battling with Southern epidemic.

But now I turn the leaf in my subject, and I plant the white lilies and the palm trees amid the night shade and the myrtle. This age no more characterized by wonders of disaster than by wonders of blessing. Blessing of longevity; the average of human life rapidly increasing. Forty years now worth 400 years once. Now I can travel from Manitoba to New York in three days and three nights. In other times it would have taken three months. In other words, three days and three nights now are worth three months of other days. The average of human life practically greater now than when Noah lived his 850 years and Methusaleh lived his 969 years. Blessings of intelligence: The Saimon P. Chases and the Abraham Lincolns and the Henry Wilsons of the coming time will not be required to learn to read by pine knot lights, or seated on shoemaker's bench, nor will the Fergusons have to study astronomy while watching the cattle. Knowledge rolls its tides along every poor man's door, and his children may go down and bathe in them. If the philosophers of the last century were called up to recite in a class with our boys at the Polytechnic, or our girls at the Packer, those old philosophers would be sent down to the foot of the class because they failed to answer the questions! Free libraries in all important cities and towns of the land. Historical sleeves and poetic shelves and magazine tables for all that desire to walk through them or sit down at them. Blessings of quick information: Newspapers falling all around us thick as leaves in a September equinoctial. News three days old, rancid and stale. We see the whole world twice a day—through the newspaper at the breakfast table, and through the newspaper at the tea table, with an "extra" here and there between.

Blessing of gospel proclamation: Do you know that nearly all the missionary societies have been born in this century? and nearly all the Bible societies, and nearly all the great philanthropic movements? A secretary of one of the denominations said to me the other day in Dakota: "You were wrong when you said our denomination averaged a new church every day of the year; they established nine in one week, so you are far within the truth." A clergyman of our own denomination said: "I have just been out establishing five mission stations." I tell you Christianity is on the march while Infidelity is dwindling into imbecility. While Infidelity is thus dwindling and dropping down into imbecility and indecency, the wheel of Christianity is making about a thousand revolutions in a minute. All the copies of Shakespeare and Tennyson and Disraeli any 10 of the most popular writers of the day, less in number than the copies of the Bible going out from our printing presses. A few years ago, in six weeks, more than 2,000,000 copies of the New Testament purchased, not given away, but purchased because the world will have it.

More Christian men in high official position to-day in Great Britian and in the United States than ever before. Stop that falsehood going through the newspapers—I have seen it in twenty—that the judges of the Supreme court of the United States are all infidels except one. By personal acquaintance I know three of them to be old fashioned evangelical Christians, sitting at the holy sacrament of our Lord Jesus Christ, and I suppose that the majority of them are stanch believers in our Christian religion. And when dear the dying words of Judge Black, a man who had been attorney general of the United States, and who had been secretary of the United States, no stronger lawyer of the century than Judge Black—dying, his aged wife kneeling by his side, and he uttering that sublime and tender prayer: "O Lord God, from whom I derived my existence and in whom I have always trusted, take my spirit unto Thyself and rest in heavenly blessing come down upon my Mary." The most popular book today is the Bible, and the mightiest institution is the church, and the greatest name among the nations, and more honored than any other, is the name of Jesus.

Wonders of self sacrifice: A clergyman told me in the northwest that for years he was a missionary at the extreme north, living 400 miles from a postoffice, and sometimes he slept out of doors in winter, the thermometer 60 and 65 degrees below zero, wrapped in buffalo skins. Even to-day, I said: "Is it possible? You do not mean 60 and 65 degrees below zero!" He said: "I do; and I was happy." All for Christ. Where is there any other being that will rally such enthusiasm? Mothers sewing their fingers off to educate their boys for the Gospel ministry. For nine years no luxury on the table until the course through grammar school and college and theological seminary was completed. Poor widow putting her mite into the Lord's treasury, the face of emperor or president impressed upon the coin not so conspicuous as the blood with which she earned it. Millions of good men and women, but more women than men, to whom Christ is everything. Christ first and Christ last, and Christ forever.

Why, this age is not so characterized by invention and scientific exploration as it is by Gospel proclamation. You can get no idea of it unless you can ring all the church bells in one chime, and sound all the organs in one diapason, and gather all the congregations of Christendom in one Gloria in Excelsis. Mighty camp meetings. Mighty Ocean Groves. Mighty Chautauquas. Mighty conventions of Christian workers. Mighty general assemblies of the Presbyterian church. Mighty conference of the Methodist church. Mighty associations of the Baptist church. Mighty conventions of the Episcopal church. I think before long the best investments will not be in railroad stock or Western Union, but in trumpets and cymbals and festal decorations, for we are on the eve of victories wide and world uplifting. There may be many years of hard work yet for the consummation, but the signs are to me so encouraging that I would not be unbelieving if I saw the wing of the apocalyptic angel spread for its last triumphal flight in this day's sunset; or if to-morrow morning the ocean cables should thrill us with the news that Christ the Lord had alighted on Mount Olivet or Mount Calvary to proclaim universal domain.

O you dead churches, wake up! Throw back the shutters of stiff ecclesiasticism and let the light of the spring morning come in. Morning for the land. Morning for the sea. Morning of emancipation. Morning of light and love and peace. Morning of a day in which there shall be no chains to break, no sorrows to assuage, no despotism to shatter, no woes to compassionate. O Christ descend! Scarred temple, take the crown! Bruised hand, take the scepter! Wounded foot, step the throne! "Thine is the kingdom."

Those of us who are in mid-life may well thank God that we have seen so many wondrous things; but there are people here to-day who will see the Twentieth century. Things obscure to us will be plain to you yet. The Twentieth century will be as far ahead of the Nineteenth as the Nineteenth is ahead of the Eighteenth, and as you caricature the habits and customs and ignorance of the past, others will caricature this age. Some of you may live to see the shimmering veil between the material and the spiritual world lifted. Magnetism, a word with which we cover up our ignorance, will yet be an explored realm. Electricity, the fiery courser of the sky, that Benjamin Franklin lassoed and Morse and Bell and Edison have tried to control, will continue completely manageable, and locomotion will be swiftened, and a world of practical knowledge thrown in upon the race. Whether we depart in this century, or whether we see the open gates of a more wonderful century, we will see these things. It does not make much difference where we stand, but the higher the standpoint the larger the prospect. We will see them from heaven if we do not see them from earth. I was at Fire Island, Long Island, and I went up in the cupola from which they telegraph to New York the approach of vessels hours before they come into port. There is an opening in the wall, and the operator puts his telescope through that opening and looks out and sees the ships far out to sea. While I was talking with him he went up and looked out. He said: "We are expecting the Arizona to-night." I said, "Is it possible you know all those vessels? Do you know them as you know a man's face?" He said: "Yes, I never make a mistake; before I can see the hulks, I often know them by the masts; I know them all, I have watched them so long." Oh, what a grand thing it is to have ships telegraphed and heralded long before they come to port, that friends may come down to the wharf and welcome their long absent loved ones. So to-day we take our stand in the watch tower and we look off and through the glass of inspiration or Providence, we look off and see a whole flock of ships coming in. That is the ship of Peace, flag with one star of Bethlehem floating above the top gallants. That is the ship of the church, mark of salt wave high up on the smoke stack, showing she has had rough weather, but the captain of salvation commands her and all is well with her. The ship of Heaven, mightiest craft ever launched, millions of passengers waiting for millions more, prophets and apostles and martyrs in the cabin, conquerors at the foot of the mast, while from the rigging hands are waving this way as they know us, and we wave back again, for they are ours; they went out from our own households. Ours! Hail! Hail! Put off the black and put on white. Stop tolling the funeral bell and ring the wedding anthem. Shut up the hearse and take the chariot. Now, the ship comes around the great headland. Soon she will strike the wharf and we will go aboard of her. Tears for ships going out. Laughter for ships coming in. Now she touches the wharf. Throw on the planks. Block not up that gangway with embracing long lost friends, for you will have eternity of reunion. Stand back and give way until other millions come on. Farewell to sin. Farewell to struggle. Farewell to sickness. Farewell to death. All aboard for heaven!

The Farm.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Lice on Colts and Cattle.

G. P., Pavilion, New York: To destroy the lice on your colts, take of carbolic acid 1 oz, water 1 gallon. Sprinkle the woodwork as well as the floor of the stalls thoroughly with this with a small broom, repeating once a week for three or four weeks. Then curry the colts, missing no part of the animals. Burn the hair that comes off or bury it. After this take of calomel, 1 drachm, fresh lime water, 20 oz. sponge the animals all over with this, and repeat every alternate week for two weeks thereafter. To get water of proper consistency, pour hot water on 4 ozs. of quicksilver and dip off the clear water. For lice on cattle, sprinkle with carbolic acid, as above, curry the cattle, and make a strong decoction of tobacco leaves, (plug tobacco will do), saturated with rock salt, and sponge the cattle with it at intervals of three or four days for about three times.

Runs at the Nostril.

C. B. C., Palo Alto, Illinois: Take a bucket; put half a gallon of bran in it. Pour water as hot as it can be made on the bran, and stir it quickly. Have a bag ready, pour this hot water and bran in the bag, and set it in the empty bucket. Put the open end of the bag over the mare's nose and let her breathe the fumes. This will make the matter flow from the head. Do this two or three times, throwing the bran away after using it, as it is not fit to eat. Then give, nitre 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 drachm; sulphate of copper, 1 drachm. Make into a ball with linseed meal, and give one night and morning for ten days. Exercise gently, and when in the stable keep the animal away from direct draughts of air. She should also be blanketed highly all the time. As warmer weather sets in, we think she will get better with the above treatment. Stop smoking her. It is of little value the way you have done it.

Sick Cow.

S. H., Harmony, West Virginia: For your cow that has swelled bowels, in the first place change her feed. If you are feeding corn fodder, be sure that it is not mouldy; it may, see that it is sweet. In such cases the trouble may frequently be traced to the feed. Give the cow once a day for three days a pint of linseed oil. When this is given, then give sulphate of iron, 2 drachms; powdered nux vomica, 1 drachm; powdered gentian, 1 oz. This amount daily in dry food, or as a drench. While giving this, feed on bran or linseed mashes, cut roots with corn meal, and other wholesome food. Also give an ounce of hypophosphite of soda once a day for a week after the above is given.

Sick Cow—Lice.

N. H. D., Cokesburg, South Carolina: To clear the lice from your cow, curry her well and burn the hair. Clean the stable out thoroughly, and if there are chickens in the stable, remove them. Take of carbolic acid, 1 oz.; water 1 gallon; stir well and sprinkle the stall in every part. Make a pretty strong decoction of tobacco leaves, strain, and mix with the tobacco water a handful of salt. Wash the cow with this, and repeat for three times, every four days. Then wash the cow with soapsuds water and wipe her until the hair is dry. Carbolic acid, 1 oz.; wash or neat's foot oil, 1 quart, mixed and applied outwardly, will also kill lice on cattle. Give your cow ¼ pound of epsom salts, mixed with warm water, in which there is stirred a teacupful of molasses. After this give her an ounce of saltpeter in her drinking water once a day for a week. This, we think, will take away the swelling you speak of.

Corns—Contracted Feet.

Gim, Templeton, Pennsylvania: For the corns in your mare's foot, first give a light physic, and afterward lowered diet. The seat of the corns should be pared, being careful not to cut out portions of the bars of the frog. Poultice the foot after this until all inflammation is out. Then touch the corns with a glass brush dipped in fuming nitric acid, poulticing the foot after each application with a bran poultice. The following corn plaster is also beneficial: Subacetate of copper (verdigris), ½ oz.; oil of turpentine, 2 ozs.; yellow wax, ½ lb. Melt together and apply on a piece of leather. If the corns are festered a small opening to them should be made that the pus may escape. Before beginning the work of treatment the shoes should be taken off and kept off for about three weeks. The animal should stand on a dirt floor. For the contraction of the foot, in addition to poulticing freely, pare the toe and up the hoof in the shape of a fan with the wide part at the toe. Open up the heels and rub the hoof with this ointment: Tar, Burgundy pitch and mutton suet, of each equal parts. Rub around the coronet with bichloride of mercury, 1 drachm; lard, 1 ounce. Apply once a day until there is a free watery discharge, then wash with warm soapsuds and heal with fresh lard. Re-apply in two weeks. If there is tenderness about the frog after poulticing as above, take of calomel ¼ oz., sweet oil 1 oz., spread some of this on lint and insert in the cleft of the frog. Also treat all diseased parts with it. If there is no positive evidence that the frog is affected, keep it well cleaned and let it alone. With the curing of the corns it may come out all right.

Blood Wart on Cow.

H. L. A., Carthage, Mo.: As we judge from your letter that the wart on your cow is of cancerous growth, and you do not say where it is located, we cannot advise you intelligently. Tell us on what part of the cow the wart is, and also describe as nearly as possible how it looks, and we shall try to assist you in curing her.

Cocked Ankle.

T. W. H., (no state): Nine cases out of ten cocked ankles are traceable to disease of the feet. Examine your mare's feet. See if there are any corns or if the feet are contracted. If so, treat them and the ankles will be all right. Rubbing the tendons with bichloride of mercury, 1 drachm; lard 1 oz., well mixed, may relieve a case of cocked ankle, but there is no certain cure. Your question as to time of the landing of Columbus and John Cabot has been referred to the editor of the Question Bureau. We may here say, incidentally, that your arithmetic seems to be highly mixed.

Packing Eggs—Sunflower Seed.

L. M. P., Wathena, Kansas: As good a way as any to preserve eggs is to take a crock or box, put two inches of salt on the bottom then a layer of eggs, small end down, cover with an inch of salt and put in another layer of eggs, and so on until the receptacle is nearly full. Put two inches of salt on top and set the crock or box in a cool, dry place. In this way your eggs are sweeter when taken out than limed, candled or sulphured eggs. In packing do not pack nearer the edge of the box than one inch, as the idea is to keep the air from penetrating. Sunflower seeds are excellent for poultry, but should not be fed in too large quantity.

Swelled Sheath In Horses.

F. H. S. Highland, Kansas: It seems to us that your horse is suffering from foul sheaths. A gummy, black substance is sometimes formed by too free secretions. Draw down the yard cautiously and carefully, being careful to keep the nails of the finger from it. Wash with warm water and soap. Do this two or three times and then oil it with olive oil. Give the horse an ounce of saltpetre once a day in his drinking water for four days. We think this will relieve him. If the lameness continues, write us again, describing action of horse. To cure a case of this kind without delay, a veterinary should be called.

Megrims.

Old Subscriber, North Loup, Nebraska: —Your horse is affected with a trouble known as megrims. It is a disease of the brain, superinduced by overwork in fat horses, badly fitting collars, worms, constipation, hereditary tendency, etc. We advise you to see that the collar fits perfectly. If working, stop the horse on the earliest symptoms, and loosen the collar to release the pressure upon the blood-vessels. As soon after as possible give an active cathartic. It will take a length of time to restore the animal. See that his bowels work properly, but do not give cathartic too frequently. Begin now by giving 3 drachms of powdered aloes and an ounce of bicarbonate of soda in a pint of warm water. Follow this with bromide of potassium, ½ oz.; powdered gentian, 1 drachm. This amount twice a day for three weeks. After this give once a day for a week, bi-carbonate of soda, ¼ oz.; powdered gentian, ½ oz.; nux vomica, 15 grains. In that which you gave your horse was good, but you gave too much of it in the time you name. The medicine should follow after the potassium and gentian has been given. The disease named is considered by some incurable. We think, however, by carrying out the advice here given, the horse, if he does not entirely recover, will not be prostrated by severe attacks. Cold water poured on the head when the attacks are on, is beneficial.

Ventilating Cow Stable—Flax vs. Timothy Seed.

Hammond, Querist, Baldwin, Wisconsin: A good ventilator may be made cheaply by making a box six inches square, boring eight-inch auger holes, two feet apart, in the top of it, and passing it through the stable, about one foot above the heads of the cattle. You may regulate the draught of air, if too strong, by partly closing the holes in the box on the outside of the stable. The draught should not be direct upon the cattle, is the reason of boring the holes in the top of the box. As to whether flax or timothy is the more profitable, we think the latter in your vicinity would be the better. The proper soil for flax is a good alluvial or vegetable loam. Sand or clay is not good. In a very rich soil the fibre grows too coarse, and on hard soil the crop is not at all profitable. A good wheat is usually a good flax soil. Salt, ashes or gypsum are proper manures. Saline manures used on a top dressing are good. Thirty quarts sown to the acre if wanted for seed, or two bushels for fibre. For fine goods, it is pulled when flowering. In this country it is generally harvested for fibre when the seed is formed. It intended for seed, it should be left standing until the first seeds are formed. To raise flax successfully, experience is necessary, as there are many conditions to be considered. It should not be planted from year to year on the same ground. A good rotation is: For five years, grass, corn, potatoes, flax, oats; seven years' rotation, grass, corn, potatoes, oats, flax, clover, wheat. Once in five years is as often as flax seed should be grown on the same soil. Regarding the analysis of the ash of flax, we have none at hand, and can only give the opinion that it is more exhausting to land than some other crops, but not so much so as tobacco. Timothy seed flourishes in all soils, except such as are too wet, light, dry, or sandy. It reaches perfection in rich clay or clay loams. It is easy of cultivation and hardy. A good thing about the crop is, that it is worth double for hay, when seed, that it is when cut in time of flowering. It yields good pasture during the season, and is not killed out by the tramp of animals as certain other grasses. It yields on good soil from one and a half to two tons per acre, and there is always a market for the seed. When sown alone or with other grasses, early in the season, it will produce a good crop the same year. It is better not to sow it with clover. It may be sown in the fall or spring in August or September, or in the spring.

A Plant that Moves Spontaneously.

A correspondent of an English journal, replying to a query whether there is such a thing as a plant that moves spontaneously, replies that Desmodium gyrans must be the plant referred to. It belongs to the pea family and is a native of the East Indies, "where it rejoices in the name of Burram Chandali. It is a somewhat slender plant, seldom exceeding two feet in height; the leaves are not large, but trifoliate, the two leaflets at the base being much the smallest, and these comprise that portion of the plant which appears to be continually on the move, but the movement is very irregular, though rapid. The texture of the plant is somewhat thin, the color of the leaves being a bluish green, and the constitution appears somewhat delicate. I believe it to be a biennial, but have found it difficult to keep the plant alive during the winter months. Seeds can be obtained from the principal seedsmen, . . . The plants become characteristic as soon as the first leaves next the seed-leaves are formed, and the eccentric moving powers are developed. It does not like cutting, and the best plan to produce a bushy plant is from time to time to pinch out the extreme point of the shoot. It enjoys strong heat and a moist atmosphere. It is one of the most extraordinary plants in the vegetable world, but it does not possess any beauty." In Nicholson's *Dictionary of Gardening*, 'Moving-plant' and 'Telegraph-plant' are given as the popular names of this Desmodium, and it is said that the leaflets move up and down "either steadily or by jerks, the movements being more marked during bright sunshine."—*Garden and Forest.*

The Best Foods for Ewes.

When ewes are fed exclusively on dry food there is danger that they will become feverish and constipated. When this condition arises they will generally show it by lying on the ground and stretching themselves and straining. Sometimes they will pluck at their wool, and show signs of distress and uneasiness. When sheep are in this condition they are not in good health to have young. They will not provide as much milk, and their udders are liable to be caked and sore or to show evidences of inflammation. There is danger that they will not own their lambs, and the milk will not flow freely. When the udder is sore or much inflamed, even if the ewe owns her lamb, she will refuse to let it suck. Under such circumstances the lamb very soon becomes weak and dies. Prevention is better than cure for all forms of disease, and this lies in providing the ewe with suitable food. This much be such as not to produce a feverish condition. It should be somewhat laxative and well supplied with nitrogenous elements. Such foods are wheat bran, oats, pea-meal, beans and linseed meal. Corn is unsuitable for breeding ewes, as it produces fat and heat. There is no animal which responds with better results to succulent food than ewes with young lamb. Potatoes do not seem to be adapted to this purpose; turnips are a natural food for ewes, as well as for other sheep. Carrots are excellent and so are beets and mangels. A few roots or a small ration of these, say four quarts a day with bran and linseed meal, will put ewes in a most healthy and vigorous condition, and at the same time this nutritious food will tend to promote the growth and support of the fetus, and when the little lamb is born it will have the bone and strength to help itself, and it will give far less trouble to get on its legs and obtain its sustenance from the mother. There is such a thing as feeding the lamb before it is born—to nourish and strengthen it through the blood of its dam. This is an important matter, and should never be lost sight of in the feeding of the mother. This idea is particularly applicable to the ewe, as its offspring is so likely to be weak and more or less helpless. If the ewes have not been fed on such foods during the winter, the sooner this done before lambing time the better. The feeding should be in limited quantities at first, not more than a gill a day for a few days, then gradually increase to a quart or two, according to the size of the ewe. Three parts wheat bran to one part of linseed oil is a good proportion, fed twice a day with the roots. Ewes may be fed oats with roots and do well, but the bran is almost invaluable, as it will furnish the muscle and bone food required. When ewes are to lamb soon, they should not be fed on timothy hay, as it is not a proper sheep food. There is nothing so good in all the list of forage plants as bright clover hay. Sheep will do well on this food alone, up to the time of lambing, as it is the best balanced food in the whole list. The ewes should have access to water whenever they want it, as they naturally drink but little at a time and drink often.—*American Agriculturist for April.*

Spawning Mushroom Beds.

A grower in *Gardening Illustrated*, on this subject, says the best way is to select the time when the new bed is at about 80° to 85°; then take out the flaky pieces of manure strongly impregnated with spawn threads, those of a milky appearance being in the right condition. Take pieces as large as the hand, or even larger; make holes with a trowel just under the surface of the manure and 8 or 9 inches apart, all over the surface of the new bed, making all firm as soon as the planting is complete. He says: "In a general way, I consider this the most economical as well as the most successful way of spawning mushroom beds. But the spawn must be taken from the beds before exhaustion sets in. In breaking up old beds which have become exhausted, I have occasionally came across large patches of vigorous spawn, and have used it without hesitation; but in a general way, it is better to spawn the new beds before the old beds reach the exhaustion stage."

How Swine Plague is Spread.

In view of the fact that hog cholera, or swine plauge is now making its way, slowly but steadily, among the herds of this state, and that in the opinion of those who have scientifically investigated the subject, the transportation of dead cholera hogs over the highways is one of the surest means of propagating and disseminating the disease, would it not be well for the hog-raisers and farmers generally, to use their influence with their members of the legislature to have a law passed, prohibiting, under penalty, such transportation and traffic? The greatest good to the greatest number would seem to require such a law. There is a set of scavengers in this state, that on the outbreak of the swine plague in any locality, hitch up their dilipidated teams and strike for the unfortunate herd, and probably getting but a part of a load anyway, continue their hunt for dead hogs all over the surrounding neighborhoods, thus scattering the germs of the direst disease on every road they travel on, and frequently taking the pains to drive into quenty taking the pains to drive into quenty farms not wholly on the road. My buildings and feed lots are one-half mile back from the highway, but that does not deter these men from coming in to inquire for dead hogs. I fire them out in haste, but to no good, as the mischief has already been done. Let every farmer write to his Senator and Representatives to have the traffic stopped.—*Farmer in Prairie Farmer.*

"Scalping" and "Milking" Grain Markets.

Both these terms are aptly applied to the current transactions in grain, especially in wheat. The supply here and throughout the world is so near the probable demand before harvest, that prices are very sensitive, and easily affected from day to day. The Chicago and other Western elevators contain so small a supply, that it is easily owned and controlled by a very few strong parties, and they can raise or depress the prices almost at will. To-day a few purchases by the "big fellows" and the calculation of ingenious reports, start an upward wave. The smaller dealers pitch in and help boom the prices 3, 5, or 10 cents a bushel. They buy as long as the rise continues, and then "stand from under" by selling out their comparatively small holdings the moment a decline begins, and thus "scalp" a few cents, or the fraction of a cent, per bushel. The "big fellows," during these operations, manage to take in a good lump of profit; they "milk" markets in this process of raising and depressing prices. Both scalpers and milkers make something from their less shrewd fellow-dealers, but this cannot always continue, any more than the two Yankees in prison could continue making $5 a day apiece by swapping jackets or jack-knives. Of course it is the loose change of outsiders, or "lambs," thrown into the pool, from which the profits of the traders, taken as a whole, are derived.—*Orange Judd Farmer.*

Grape Rot.

Col. A. W. Pearson has recently given our fruit farmers a valuable lecture on the grape rot. He has been experimenting for two or three years in connection with the department at Washington, and under the observations of agents from France, where the black rot has lately appeared. The results show that the black rot fungus is best controlled by spraying the vines early in the season, before vegetation starts, with a strong solution of sulphate of iron, say two pounds of copperas to a gallon of hot water. After the vineyard is plowed in May, top-dress with slaked lime. When the vine is setting its clusters, and before opening its blossoms, spray with Bordeaux mixture, which is made by dissolving six pounds of sulphate of copper, say, in six gallons of boiling water; in another vessel slake four pounds of new lime in four gallons of water; mix the two solutions and dilute the water sufficient to make 22 gallons of the liquid. Repeat the spraying every three or four weeks, less frequently in dry than in wet weather. Col. Pearson says he saved 90 per cent of his grapes by this spraying, and has found the best work done by the portable sprayer, (made and invented) by Adam Weaber of Vineland. It is not necessary to drench the vines, and the spraying is less expensive than bagging. —*C. B. C. in Country Gentleman*

Silage.

Those who have relied upon silage as the main food, and who have fed little else, have often found failure; those who have fed silage in moderate quantity in conjunction with other food have almost to a man reported favorably to its effects. To get the best effects from feeding silage, therefore, from a theoretical as well as a practical point of view, one must feed it in such a quantity that the animal shall be able to consume sufficient weight of dry food and albuminoid to supply the demand for maintenance and product.—*Rural New Yorker.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

Listing.

EDITOR BLADE FARM:—Samuel Walker, of Lay Kansas, disputes the truth of my last letter to THE BLADE, although it is all so. He says that he thinks that I live in the Neosho river. I do not. I live on land. He also said that there is better corn raised by listing. That was not the case here last year, and there will not be half as much corn listed here this year as last. He said "it is easier to cultivate next June." I think he will change his mind the other way. Listers are not all 14 inch and steel beam, but there are 16 inch and wooden beams also, and all do not have sheet iron boxes. Some have no boxes at all, and all that have boxes do not hold a peck of corn, and in all boxes are not plates. Some have wheels, such as the Peru lister and we do not use but two horses. We use three. Two horses can not nor have not the chance to pull a lister, because when we list we do not want to list in the same row all the time, so we generally go between the rows, and should two horses pull it they would have to walk on the ridges, and I do not think that S. W., if he had been here providing the ew with suitable food. This much be such as not to produce a feverish condition. It should be somewhat laxative and well supplied with nitrogenous elements. Such foods are wheat bran, oats, pea-meal, beans and linseed meal. Corn is unsuitable for breeding ewes, as it produces fat and heat. There is no animal which responds with better results to succulent food than ewes with young lamb. Potatoes do not seem to be adapted to this purpose; turnips are a natural food for ewes, as well as for other sheep. Carrots are excellent and so are beets and mangels. A few roots or a small ration of these, say four quarts a day with bran and linseed meal, will put ewes in a most healthy and vigorous condition, and at the same time this nutritious food will tend to promote the growth and support of the fetus, and when the little lamb is born it will have the bone and strength to help itself, and it will give far less trouble to get on its legs and obtain its sustenance from the mother. There is such a thing as feeding the lamb before it is born—to nourish and strengthen it through the blood of its dam. This is an important matter, and should never be lost sight of in the feeding of the mother. This idea is particularly applicable to the ewe, as its offspring is so likely to be weak and more or less helpless. If the ewes have not been fed on such foods during the winter, the sooner this done before lambing time the better. The feeding should be in limited quantities at first, not more than a gill a day for a few days, then gradually increase to a quart or two, according to the size of the ewe. Three parts wheat bran to one part of linseed oil is a good proportion, fed twice a day with the roots. Ewes may be fed oats with roots and do well, but the bran is almost invaluable, as it will furnish the muscle and bone food required. When ewes are to lamb soon, they should not be fed on timothy hay, as it is not a proper sheep food. There is nothing so good in all the list of forage plants as bright clover hay. Sheep will do well on this food alone, up to the time of lambing, as it is the best balanced food in the whole list. The ewes should have access to water whenever they want it, as they naturally drink but little at a time and drink often.—*American Agriculturist for April.*

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west corner of section nine, in township 16 north, range 2 west of the Indian meridian in Indian Territory, and also one acre of land in the southeast corner of the northwest quarter of section 15, township 16 north, range 7, west of the Indian meridian in the Indian territory, which last described two acres are hereby reserved for government use and control, will at and after the hour of 12 o'clock noon of the 22d day of April next, and not before, be open for settlement under the terms of, and subject to, all the conditions limitations and restrictions contained in said act of Congress, approved March 2, '89, and the laws of the United States applicable thereto, and it is hereby expressly declared and made known that no other parts or portions of the lands embraced within the Indian territory than those herein specifically described and declared to be opened for settlement at the time above named and fixed, are to be considered as open to settlement under this proclamation or the act of March 2, 1880, aforesaid.

Heed the Warning.

Warning is hereby again expressly given that no person entering upon and occupying said lands before said hour of 12 o'clock noon of April 22, will ever be permitted to enter any of said lands or acquire any rights; and that the officers of the United States will be required to strictly enforce the provision of this proclamation.

BENJAMIN HARRISON.

Two New Land Offices.

The commissioner of the general land office issued an order on the 27th, establishing two land offices in the Oklahoma territory, opened by the President's proclamation. The land office for the Western district is to be located at Kingfisher's state station, and for the Eastern district at Guthrie.

MAKING SURVEYS.

All is Bustle in the Territory—The Rock Island to Profit.

Immediately upon the announcement that the President had issued the Oklahoma proclamation officials of the Rock Island railroad and a corps of engineers started from Topeka to make the final survey for the extension through the Indian erritory. The road is built as far south as Pond creek, some 25 miles below, in the Cherokee strip, at which point construction will begin.

The proclamation by which Oklahoma is opened designates Kingfisher as the land office for the western district.

This is at present a stage station situated on Kingfisher creek, a southern tributary of the Cimarron. It is on the projected line of the Rock Island and some 90 miles south of the Kansas line.

It is stated that the railroad company will push its lines to Kingfisher as soon as possible. It is not at all likely that the extension will stop there, as Fort Reno is but a score or so of miles further on, at which point there are 600 to 800 troops stationed, which will create a demand for supplies and transportation.

ADVICE TO SETTLERS.

Instructions Issued in Reference to the Oklahoma Lands.

The commissioner of the General Land office, with the approval of Secretary Noble, has issued to the registers and receivers of the newly established land offices in Oklahoma a letter of instructions, which is of special interest to persons desiring to settle in that territory.

The most important features of the letter of instructions are the following:

You will observe that the statute reserves sections 18 and 36 in every township for school purposes, and the proclamation reserves for government use and control the following, viz: one acre of land in square form in the northwest corner of section 9 in township 16 north, range two west of the Indian meridian in Indian territory, and also one acre of land in the southeast corner of the noqhwest quarter of section 15, township 16 north, range seven west of the Indian meridian, in the Indian territory.

The remainder of the lands are made subject to entry by actual settlers under the general homestead laws with certain modifications. Your attention is directed to the general circular issued by this office Jan. 1, 1889, containing the homestead laws and official regulations thereunder.

These laws and regulations will control your action, but modified by the special provisions of the said act of March 2, 1889, in the following particular, viz:

First—The rule states on page 17 of said circular under the title "Only one homestead privilege for the same person permitted," is so modified as to admit of a homestead entry being made by any one who, prior to the passage of said act, had made a homestead entry, but failed from any cause to secure a title in fee to the land embraced therein, or who, having secured such title did so by what is known as the commutation of his homestead entry.

With regard to persons making homestead entries and failing to acquire title thereunder, or commuting them after the passage of said act of March 2, 1889, the rule as to second homesteads is operative, and will be enforced, in relation to these lands as well as others.

Second—The statute provides for the disposal of these lands to actual settlers under the homesteads only, and while providing that "the rights of honorably discharged Union soldiers and sailors in the late civil war, as defined and described in Sections 2304 and 2305 of the revised statutes, shall not be abridged," makes no mention of articles 2306 and 2307.

Under oath such soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphan children are permitted, with regard to the public lands generally, to make additional entries in certain cases free from the requirement of actual settlement on the entry tract. It is therefore held that soldiers or sailors additional entries cannot be made upon those lands under said sections 2,306 and 2,307 unless the party claiming, will, in addition to the proof required, make affidavit that the entry is made for actual settlement and cultivation, according to section 2291, as modified by sections 2304 and 2305 of the revised statutes, and the prescribed proof of compliance therewith will be required to be produced before the issue of final certificate.

Third—It is provided in the statute that section 2301 of the revised statutes shall not apply to these lands. Therefore entries made thereon will not be subject to commution under that section.

Any person applying to enter or file for a homestead, will be required first to make affidavit in addition to other requirements that he did not violate the law by entering upon and occupying any portion of the lands described in the President's proclamation, dated March 3, 1889, prior to 12 o'clock, noon, April 22, 1889, the affidavit to accompany your returns for the entry allowed.

The statute provides that town site entries may be allowed under sections 2,378 and 2,388 U. S. revised statutes, but limits the area in any such entry to one-half section, or 320 acres, as the maximum, whatever the number of inhabitants.

Should applications for town site entries, or filings, be presented by parties in interest in the absence of officers property qualified to make entry in trust for the inhabitants, under the provisions of said section 2387, you will note the application on your records, forward a report thereof, to this office, with any papers presented, and await instructions before allowing any entry of the land.

No rights under the town site laws can be acquired to any of the lands described in the said proclamation prior to the time herein prescribed for the same to become open to entry and occupancy as aforesaid, viz: 12 o'clock, noon, of the 22d of April, 1889.

A Grand Meteoric Display Seen at Portland.

At Portland, Ore., at 9 p. m., on April 2, The heavens were illuminated by one of the most brilliant meteors ever seen in that city. The meteor was first seen at a point about twenty degrees from zenith in the northeastern part of the heavens. It traveled in a northwesterly direction, passed through the handle of the dipper, and lost itself at a point within ten degrees from the horizon. The head of the meteor was elongated in the shape of a spike. It reached its greatest brilliancy at a point twenty degrees below the north star, where it seemed to break near the center, one portion continuing to follow the other with some four or five degrees intervening. While the meteor was at its brightest myriads of little stars of red, yellow, blue, green, and all colors were whirled off on both sides with great rapidity, making the most beautiful display of celestial fireworks. The main body of the meteor appeared to be about 20 degrees in length, while the tail, which grew more flimy with distance from the head, extended nearly across the whole sky. There is some difference in opinion regarding the length of time the meteor was visible. It estimates a range all the way from 5 to 20 seconds. The sight was grand and thrilling.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

THE APPOINTMENTS.

The List of Nominations Made By President Harrison.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 27th:

ROBT. T. LINCOLN, of Illinois, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Great Britain.

MURAT HALSTEAD, of Ohio, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Germany.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE, of New York, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Russia.

PATRICK EGAN, of Nebraska, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Chili

THOMAS RYAN, of Kansas, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico

JOHN HICKS, of Wisconsin, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Peru.

JOHN L. HORING, of Massachusetts, to be minister resident and consul general of the United States to Portugal.

MARION ERWIN, of Georgia, to be United States attorney for the Southern district of Georgia.

TYRE GLENN, of North Carolina, to be United States marshal for the Western district of North Carolina.

JAMES O. CHURCHILL, of Missouri, to be surveyor of customs for the port of St. Louis.

Postmasters.

David M. Jones, at Scranton, Pa.; W. B. Wester, at Cresco, Iowa; Chester A. Wilcox, at Quincy, Ills.; Ole E. Wanguild, at Rice Lake, Wis.; John H. Welch, at Winnebago City, Minn.; J. P. Easton, at Warren City, Minn.; Osceola K. Servess, at Kansas City, Kansas; John M. Kinser, at Hope, Ark.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 28th:

CASSIUS M. BARNES, of Arkansas, to be receiver of public moneys at Guthrie, Indian Territory.

JOHN L. DILLE, of Indiana, to be register of the land office at Guthrie, Indian Territory.

CHARLES F. MONTEITH, of Idaho, to be agent for the Indians of Nez Perces agency in Idaho.

Postmasters.

Orlando B. Happy, Mayfield, Ky.; W. M. Jenny, Mt. Clemens, Mich.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 29th:

ROBERT ADAMS, jr., of Pennsylvania, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Brazil.

LANSING B. MISNER, of California, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the Central American States.

WILLIAM L. SCRUGGS, of Georgia, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to Venezuela.

WILLIAM O. BRADLEY, of Kentucky, to be minister resident and consul general of the United States to Coren.

GEORGE B. FERGUSON, of Maine, to be collector of customs for the district of Belfast, Me.

GEO. CHANDLER, of Kansas, to be first assistant secretary of the interior.

GEORGE L. SHOUP, of Idaho, to be governor of Idaho.

EDWARD J. CURTIS, of Idaho, to be secretary of Idaho.

JACOB V. ADMIRE, of Kansas, to be receiver of public moneys at Kingfisher station, Oklahoma.

JACOB C. ROBERTS, of Nebraska, to be register of the land office at Kingfisher station, Oklahoma.

L. A. DARNELL, of Georgia, to be United States attorney for the northern district of Georgia.

WM. S. TIPTON, of Tennessee, to be United States marshal for the eastern district of Tennessee.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on the 30th:

J. T. ABBOTT, of New Hampshire, to be envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of the United States to the Republic of Columbia.

E. H. TERRILL, of Texas, to envoy extraordinary, etc., of the United State to Belgium.

J. W. BERRYMAN, postmaster at Versailles, Ky., was withdrawn.

To be delegates to the conference between the United States of America and the republics of Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo and the Empire of Brazil, to be held in Washington in 1889—John B. Henderson, of Missouri; Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York; William Henry Trescott, of South Carolina; Andrew Carnegie, of Pennsylvania; John R. G. Pitkins, of Louisiana.

Postmasters.

Cornelius B. Gould, Emporium, Pa.; James Ogden, Latrobe, Pa.; Wm. H. Schafalle, Myersville, Pa.; R. A. Lane, Warren, Pa.; R. S. Barker, Rockhaven, Pa.; W. M. Deck, Pomeroy, O.; F. Purcell, Logan, O.; J. B. Hungerford, Carroll, Ia.; Geo. I. Long, Manson, Ia.; H. J. Depue, Lacon, Ill.; J. H. Moore, Charleston, Ill.; S. A. Ballou, Superior, Ills.; J. G. Rokes, Tulare, Cal.; W. J. Loventhal, Modato, Cal.; G. Sturtevant, Alameda, Cal.; J. M. Bacon, Oregon City, Oregon; T. G. McDowell, Ellensburg, W. T.; S. Dawson, Phillipsburg Mont.; J. N. Reed, Versailles, Ky.; F. A. Freer, Galesburg, Ill.; C. J. Devlin, Spring Valley, Ill.; G. Nicholson, Ness City, Kas.

The President sent the following nominations to the Senate on April 1:

JAMES N. HUSTON, of Indiana, to be treasurer of United States.

ELLIS H ROBERTS, of New York, to be assistant treasurer at New York.

WILLIAM F. WHARTON, of Massachusetts, to be assistant secretary of state.

GEORGE H. SHIELDS, of Missouri, to be assistant attorney general, vice Rich Montgomery, resigned.

DRURY K. BUCHETT, of Kentucky, to be marshal of the United States for the district of Kentucky.

Major CHARLES C. BYRNE, surgeon, to be lieutenant colonel and surgeon.

Captain CURTIS E. MUNN, assistant surgeon, to be major and surgeon.

Captain GEORGE B. WHITE, United States navy, to be chief of the bureau of yards and docks in the department of the Navy, to fill a vacancy.

L. BRADFORD PRINCE, of Santa Fe, New Mexico, to be governor of New Mexico.

LOUIS A. WALKER, of Helena, Montana, to be secretary of Montana.

JAMES E. KELLEY, of Nebraska, to be receiver of public moneys at Bloemington, Neb.

WM. W. JUNKIN, of Fairfield, O., to be Indian inspector.

To be Agents for the Indians.

CHARLES A. ASHLEY, of New York, at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe agency in the Indian territory.

CHARLES R. A. SCOOBEY, of Montana, at the Fort Peck agency, in Montana.

The President sent the following nominations to the senate on April 2:

ROBERT J. FISHER, of Chicago, Ill., to be assistant commission of patents, vice Robert B. Vance resigned.

Commander BARTLEFT J. CORNWELL to be a captain.

Lieut. Commander GEO. R. DEVAND to be a commander.

Lieut. URIEL SEBREE to be a lieutenant commander.

Lieut. MOSES L. WOOD, junior grade, to be a lieutenant.

Ensign JAS. H. GLENNON to be a lieutenant, junior grade.

Commander JOHN W. PHELPS to be a captain.

Lieut. Commander FRANCIS M. BARBER to be a commander.

Lieut. ALBERT R. CAMDEN to be a lieutenant commander.

Lieut. DAVID DANIELS, junior grade, to be a lieutenant.

Ensign HARRY S. KNAPP to be lieutenant, junior grade.

Passed Assistant Paymaster JOSIAH R. STANTON to be a paymaster.

Assistant Paymaster T. J. COWIE to be a passed assistant paymaster.

Second Lieutenant HARRY N. WHITE, marine corps, to be a first lieutenant.

An International Affair.

The secretary of the United States legation has cabled the department of State of his government that he has already requested the Russian government to investigate the case of Kempinski, said to be a naturalized American citizen, who was exiled to Siberia by the Russian authorities upon his return to Russia. Kempinski was 18 or 19 years of age when he left Russia for the United States.

While the department will undoubtedly investigate the case thoroughly, there is need for caution, for with this statement of the case in may appear that Kempinski was eligible for military service and that his emigration to the United States was nothing less than a military desertion.

The need for deliberate action in such cases is exemplified in the case of Count Cyprini, about which the press was much disturbed a year ago.

It was asserted that the count, an American citizen, had returned to Italy only to be seized and thrown into a dungeon.

Careful inquiry by the department of State revealed that Count Cyprini was not an American, that he was not in an Italian dungeon, and that he did not return to Italy, but stopped at Corsica. On hearing that he was liable to arrest if he did return, the count took out his naturalization papers and is now an American citizen.

Raised a Peg.

The following named fourth-class postoffices were on the 2d, raised to the Presidential class: Union-town, Ala.; Coronado, Cal.; Paso Robles, Cal.; Holyoke, Col.; Lehigh, Ind. Ter.; Clare, Mich.; Gladstone, Mich.; Hornet, Mo.; Salisbury, Mo.; Tarkio, Mo.; Welpb City, Mo.; Herington, Kas.; Long Branch, Col.; Dawson, Ga.; Cottonwood Falls, Kas.; Sanford, Me.; Grand Ledge, Mich.; Grayling, Mich.; Hartford, Mich.; Past Christian, Miss.; Osceola, Neb.; Hinsdale, Ill.; Alta, Ia.

The German Mission.

There is a rumorcurrent that the President will not nominate any one for Berlin until after the Senate adjourns and then he will reappoint Mr. Halstead, who will thus taste of the sweets of a foreign minister's life, before the Senate once more sits down on him.

THE SENATE ADJOURNS.

A Discussion on the Manner of Showing Respect for John Bright.

After the presentation of several memorials, on April 2, the vice president laid before the Senate Mr. Stewart's resolution expressing sorrow at the death of John Bright.

Mr. Sherman moved that it go to the committee on Foreign Relations. The motion caused a spirited debate, in which Mr. Sherman was almost alone in his position, and during which Senators Hawley and Hoar took occasion to pay a beautiful tribute to the deceased.

Mr. Sherman, while yielding to nobody in respect for Mr. Bright, was opposed to establishing a precedent. He did not wish to put any obstacle in the way of the Senate in this matter, however, and withdrew his motion.

Mr. Reagan favored the sentiment expressed by the Ohio senator and renewed Mr. Sherman's motion to refer it to the foreign relations committee.

Mr. Stewart opposed the motion to refer and favored the adoption of the resolution.

The motion to refer to the foreign relation committee prevailed. Vice President Morton left the chair for the remainder of the session, and Senator Ingalls was chosen president pro tem. The Senate, at 1:50, went into executive session.

At 3:40 p. m. the Senate adjourned *sine die*.

OUR DEBT.

A Decrease Last Month in the Public Debt of Over Thirteen Millions.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—The public debt statement is as follows:

Interest Bearing Debt.

Bonds at 4½ per cent	155,147,800.00
Bonds at 4 per cent	681,139,000.00
Refunding certificates at 4 per cent	125,220.00
Navy pension fund at 3 per cent	14,000,000.00
Pacific railroad bonds at 6 per cent	64,623,512.00
Principal	915,035,532.00
Interest	9,939,921.17
Total	$924,975,453.17

Debt on which Interest has Ceased Since Maturity.

Principal	$ 1,941,245.20
Interest	156,030.08
Total	$ 2,097,275.34

Debt Bearing No Interest.

Old demand and legal tender notes	346,737,823.50
Certificates of deposit	14,450,000.00
Gold certificates	128,825,517.00
Silver certificates	251,263,671.00
Fractional currency, less $8,375,934, estimated as lost or destroyed	6,917,410.97
Principal	748,195,430.47

Total Debt.

Principal balance	1,665,172,207.73
Interest	10,095,951.25
Total balance	675,268,158.98
Less cash items available for reduction of the debt	406,578,100.10
Less reserve held for redemption of U. S. notes	100,000,000.00
Total	506,578,100.10
Total debt—less available cash items	1,168,690,058.88
Net cash in the treasury	54,006,396.50
Debt less cash in the treasury April 1, 1889	1,114,683,662.57
Debt less cash in the treasury March 1, 1889	1,128,289,318.12
Increase of debt during month	13,605,655.55
Decrease of debt since June 30, 1888	50,900,994.07

Cash in Treasury Available for the Reduction of the Public Debt.

Gold held for gold certificates actually outstanding	128,826,517.00
Silver held for silver certificates actually outstanding	251,263,679.00
U. S. notes held for certificates of deposit actually outstanding	14,450,000.00
Cash held for matured debt and interest unpaid	12,037,196.51
Fractional currency	707.59
Total available for reduction of the debt	406,578,100.10

Reserve Fund.

Held for redemption of U. S. notes, acts of January 14, 1875, and July 12, 1882	$ 100,000,000

Unavailable for Reduction of the Debt.

Fractional silver coin	$24,921,003.84
Minor coin	229,229.41
Total	$25,150,233.25
Certificates held as cash	31,856,361.00
Net cash balance on hand	54,006,396.31
Total cash in treasury as shown by the treasurer's general account	617,591,090,66

Postal Superintendents.

The postmaster general acting upon the recommendation of General Superintendent Bell, of the railway mail service, appointed the following named division superintendents of the railway mail service:

W. H. Bigelow, first division, Boston, Mass., vice George E. Dame, resigned; B. C. Jackson, second division, New York city, vice W. F. Doolittle, resigned; E. W. Vickery, third div sion, Washington, D. C., vice Eugene Carrington, resigned; L. M. Bagnell, fourth division, Atlanta, Ga., vice B. M. Turner, resigned; George W. Pepper, ninth division, Cleveland, O., vice F. B. Dodge, resigned.

With the single exception of Mr. Pepper, the appointees named above were displaced during the last administration, Mr. Bigelow in 1886, Mr. Jackson in 1888, Mr. Vickery in 1888, Mr. Terrell in 1886. Mr. Pepper is the clerk in charge of the New York and Chicago R. P. O.

General Superintendent Bell, in speaking of these changes, said that they were made solely in the interest of good service.

The men who are reinstated have been for many years closely identified with the railway mail service and its efficiency is largely due to their ability and energy. The resignations of the outgoing superintendents were requested with the assurance that there was nothing known to the department prejudicial to their good name.

The German Government Has Asked for His Arrest and Trial.

It is reported and believed in well-informed circles that the German government has requested that correspondent Klein, who left Samoa immediately after the killing of the German sailors, and came to San Francisco, be arrested and returned to Apia, to be tried before the American (not the German) consular court for "murderous assault."

It is not known in Washington whether Klein is an American citizen or not, but that is not regarded as material.

An Indian Commission.

The President on the 29th, appointed J. Otis Humphrey, of Illinois, Alfred M. Wilson, of Arkansas, and ex-Gov. George D. Robinson, of Massachusetts, a commission to treat with the Cherokee and other Indians with relation to the opening of the Oklahoma country. This commission was appointed under the terms of the Indian appropriation bill.

Lincoln Will Think it Over.

The Hon. Robert T. Lincoln was first informed by a reporter that he had been nominated by President Harrison to be minister to England. When asked whether or not he would accept the position if confirmed, he said:

I shall consider the matter. I shall consider my business interests carefully, but what my business interests are I do not care to make public.

Lincoln the Right Man.

The state senate, of Illinois, on the 28th, by a rising vote, passed a joint resolution endorsing the action of President Harrison in nominating the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln to be minister to England, and directing that an engrossed copy of the resolution be forwarded to the Hon. James G. Blaine, secretary of State.

Took the Oath.

Mr. Edwin Willets, the new assistant secretary of Agriculture, took the oath of office on the 29th at the department of Agriculture.

The Worsted Men.

Secretary Windom gave a special hearing on the 28th to persons interested in the classification of worsteds and wooleus.

Washington Chat.

The acting comptroller of the currency has authorized the First National bank of Moberly, Mo., and the National Bank of Commerce of Duluth, Minn., to begin business, each with a capital of $100,000.

Corporal James Tanner has taken the prescribed oath of office and entered upon his position as commissioner of pensions. His only appointment was that of Geo. B. Squires, of Brooklyn, N. Y., as his confidential secretary.

Cramp & Sons, the contractors for the Yorktown, believe they are entitled to the $40,000, being the premium of $100 on each unit of excess of independent horsepower called for in their contract. There is now due them, independent of the special reserves of $25,000, nearly $16,000, which was reserved from the several payments from time to time.

TRADE AND CROPS.

THE GROWING GRAINS.

Excellent Progress Made With the Seeding of Wheat and Oats—General Information.

March closed with anunusual amount of spring seeding completed. Everything has been favorable for it during the last ten days. There is not a state east of the Missouri river, and also Iowa and Nebraska, but standst o-day in great need not only of showers but copious rains. Otherwise the stand of small grain (oats and spring wheat) will come up irregularly and uneven.

While the attention of the country for the last two or three weeks has been turned almost exclusively to rain for seeding purposes, it ought not to be forgotten that no crop stands to-day in greater need of a decided change for the better than the grass, which has been at a standstill for last 30 days.

The value and importance of this crop not only to the farmer but to the country at large cannot be overestimated, and this is the time to make this statement with reference to it. The crop of 1888 was a good one, gathered and secured in excellent condition, and, as the daily receipts in Chicago show, hay forms now one of the leading products of the Northwest. The fall and winter was so dry that the grass made little growth, and the conditions have been such that farmers have used their pastures steadily and almost uninterruptedly for over a year. There has not been a week since the 1st of January, 1889, when stock has not been turned out in the fields and meadows. Hence, on the opening of April, when the grass ought to be growing finely, it is found everywhere brown, eaten off closely, and depending entirely upon surface moisture for its present subsistence. There is no crop to-day grown in the Northwest that stands in greater need of copious rains than the grass crop. Rains must be timely. April showers, while they bring May flowers, also bring grass, and rains now to the grass are worth double what they will be thirty days hence.

Spring Wheat.

It is perfectly safe to say that at least three-quarters of the spring wheat is now in the ground in southern Minnesota and southern Dakota. The ground is in fine condition except that it is too dry. This complaint is almost universal. Some farmers in Dakota are holding off their seeding on account of the ground being so dry and look for an uneven stand, and, in fact, do not think the grain will sprout at all until rain comes.

Oats.

The country has had a great week for seeding oats. In Nebraska the farmers are getting along rapidly with their seeding and good progress has also been made in Iowa. Northern and Central Illinois have become during the last few years one vast oat field, trespassing, as it has, largely upon the acreage of corn. In fact, oats, grass, and corn are evenly divided so far as their crop acreage is concerned. There has been and at the present time there is no crop which the farmer plants or sows which has proved more remunerative and given a better yield for the labor expended upon it than the oat crop. The seeding of oats enables the farmer also to rotate his crops, which tends to keep the soil in better condition.

Hogs.

The last ninety days have been exceedingly fine for feeding hogs. Corn has been plenty everywhere, and it has been just as easy to fit and prepare hogs for market during this period as in the fall of the year. There has been no trouble, and in fact no rick at all, to get "the pigs in the pen"; but, on the other hand, they have been so fat that the great trouble has been to get them out. On general principles, while the receipts may be fair during April and May, there does not seem to be anything in the situation that points to increase in the run of hogs until early in the summer or fall in the field. The destruction of last spring's pigs have been fed and forwarded which naturally would not have shown their noses until June. This is owing, of course, to the exceedingly fine winter and spring the country has enjoyed for feeding all kinds of stock.

The hog croplof the country generally is healthy. In fact, reports of hog cholera are more the exception than the rule.

Winter Wheat.

In the northern portion of the winter wheat belt the weather has continued dry. In the southern portion, north of the Ohio river, comprising the area of Southern Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, the conditions have been fairly normal. In Missouri and Kansas, copious rains. In Tennessee, Kentucky and Texas, the crop is growing rapidly.

During the month of February California passed through a critical period to the crop. No rain fell from December 28 to March 8, and with cold, dry weather the outlook began to look blue; but the 8th inst. the rains came, and up to the 20th six inches had fallen. This situation assures good crops of wheat and barley. In many places these grains are now from ten to twelve inches high. And should the average rainfall of April and May come, the yield of wheat and barley in California must be above the average.

The winter wheat situation, looking at it from the Pacific to the lakes, is this: Notwithstanding there is a lack of moisture and the crop backward, the winter wheat has held its own in nearly every state in the winter wheat belt. If there has been any falling off in condition it is in Michigan and in some portions of Northern Ohio and Indiana. Reports of winter-killing and of wheat being plowed up are few. So far as the reserves in farmers' hands are concerned, the movement during the last ten or twelve days has been practically nothing.

TRADE REVIEW.

A Review of the World's Business During the Past Week.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: The general tendency of reports indicates that trade is both improving and hopeful. At Omaha business is very good, at Kansas City and Chicago fair, and at Cleveland larger than last year, though profits are smaller. The rapid growth of tributary regions accounts for improvements at far western points. All the interior money markets are well supplied, but preparations for April settlements advanced rates here to 4 per cent on call. No material change appears in collections. Two considerable failures at Milwaukee are attributed to bad collections.

In the woolens trade there is some increase in demand and wool is more firmly held. Firmness in cotton goods abates with the termination of the great Fall River strike.

The iron trade is weaker and blocks are offered through commission at very low prices. Alabama grey forge is offered at $15.25 and No. 1 foundry at $17. More business is seen in bar iron here and at Pittsburg, but the rail market continues unsatisfactory.

Another decline in wheat of 9¼c for the week, with sales of over 70,000,000 bushels here, in spite of some orders for export. This comes because a large increase in the acreage of spring wheat is foreshadowed. A heavy failure at Antwerp on the long side helped the depression.

Corn and oats are unchanged, and pork products are a shade stronger. Sugar is in active demand. Coffee is unchanged.

Cotton has risen a shade, with sales of 224,000 bales, with an increase of 850,000 bales in port receipts. Once more the week shows a decrease in the average prices of all commodities, which are a third of 1 per cent lower than a week ago.

In iron, Messrs. Carnegie & Hewitt have recently protested that the railroads by continuing present charges for freight on material and products, will make it impossible for Easterns to compete with Southern works. The era of cheapness makes it possible to extend manufactures in countless directions; thus the North Chicago rolling mill consolidation will commence the production of tin plates.

Exports are expanding in unexpected directions, a British railway being near the northern frontier of India, and using timber exclusively from Washington territory.

The supply of money is ample and the treasury has paid out $600,000 more than it has taken in. Foreign trade in February showed an increase of nearly 66 per cent in exports. In March, the blizzard month last year, exports from this city have increased over $7,000,000, or 35 per cent, which seems to indicate an excess of over $10,000,000 in imports for the month.

A Quarter's Failures.

The failures for the first quarter of 1889, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co.'s commercial agency, number 3,294, as against 2,948 for the corresponding three months of 1888. The liabilities for the first quarter of 1889 are $42,786,000, as against $38,834,000 for the first quarter of 1888. The failures in Canada numbered 525 for the first quarter of 1889, with liabilities of $4,862,000, while those in the first quarter of 1888 were 529, with liabilities of $5,020,000.

To Increase the Navy.

The committee of the House of Commons, by a vote of 251 to 75 approved the proposals recently submitted by Lord George Hamilton, first lord of the admiralty, for increasing the strength of the navy.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

JOHN BRIGHT DEAD.

The Great English Liberal Passes Away in Peace.

Mr. John Bright died at 8:30 on the morning of March 27. His end was peaceful and painless. He had lain in a comatose condition since the previous day.

All of his family were present at his death-bed.

Mr. Bright represented the central division of Birmingham in the house.

[A sketch of his life appeared on page 5 of last week's BLADE.]

For Bright's Seat.

Mr. William Phipson Beale, a barrister, will contest the seat in the house of commons for the central division of Birmingham, made vacant by the death of Mr. John Bright. Mr. Beale is a home ruler.

The Czar Alarmed.

The Russian newspapers have been prohibited from publishing reports of the discovery of the illicit manufacturing of bombs at Zurich. The police are said to have discovered in a suburb of St. Petersburg an important clue to the alleged conspiracy against the Czar. It is said thatthe Czar is thoroughly alarmed.

To Take His Father's Place.

The eldest son of Mr. John Bright, who is a Liberal-Unionist, will contest the seat in the House of Commons for the central division of Birmingham, made vacant by the death of his father.

Wants $3,000,000.

The minister of war has asked the chamber of deputies for an appropriation of $3,000,000 with which to continue work on the fortifications around Bucharest.

Missionaries Safe.

The Church Missionary society, in London, has received information that the missionaries in Nyanza and Uragary are safe.

Cable Clicks.

King Alexander will meet his mother in April.

It is reported that Sheikh El Senoussi has approached to within a few hundred miles of Khartoum.

Prince Jerome Bonaparte and two other survivors of the disaster to the steamer Countess of Flanders, which was sunk off Dunkirk by the steamer Princess Henriette, have reached London.

It is officially announced that Sir Philip Henry Currie will succeed Sir Julian Pauncefoe, the new British minister to the United States, as permanent under secretary of state for the foreign office.

While Father Agostino was preaching in the St. Carlo church at Rome, Sunday, a bomb was exploded. There was great excitement in the congregation and several women fainted, but the preacher continued his sermon.

GENERAL NEWS.

NEW GOLD FIELDS.

The Old Sensation Worked Dry and the New One on Top.

Joseph Messenger, a merchant of Tia Juana, has arrived at Los Angeles from lower California. In relating his experiences Messenger has little to say about the placers in Mexican or American gulches, although he reports a good many people are still taking out gold in small quantities, but he is enthusiastic over the rich quartz discoveries in the Arroyo Alamos, four miles distant from the gulches mentioned.

Messenger states that during his stay three quartz claims in the vicinity of the Princess mine, which latter is supposed to be the richest so far discovered, had been sold to a syndicate of capitalists for $60,000. The troubles which have been reported to exist between rival claimants of the Princess were amicably adjusted before Governor Torres on Tuesday last.

The Keeley Motor.

Mr. Keeley's council announced on March 28th that the former has now in his possession the "missing link" which was needed to make the "vibratory resonator and ethereal generative evaporator" a success. It is a copper tube in the form of a hoop, with the ends welded together so perfectly that no joint can be seen. It was found necessary to go to Providence, R. I., to have it made, as no Philadelphia manufacturer would undertake the making of it. It had to be made of copper, because of that metal's resonant properties. A private exhibition of the motor is promised as soon as the tube is adjusted, and will probably take place in a week or two.

The Episcopal Church and the Color Line in the South.

The report of the committee appointed by the South Carolina diocesan convention of the Protestant Episcopal church to try and arrange a settlement of the color question, which led to the cession of nearly all the Charleston churches two years ago, is published.

The report recommends a compromise, which proposes to admit such colored clergymen to the convention who have been in connection with the church for twelve months prior to May 18. It also proposes a separate congregation for the colored churches under the ministration of the bishop. No provision is made for the admission of colored lay delegates. The diocesan convention meets at Anderson in May next. If the report of the committee is adopted, which is doubtful, three colored clergymen will be admitted to the convention.

Nearly 800 People to Leave Denver for Oklahoma.

Great interest in Colorado on the opening of Oklahoma lands is evidenced by the throng which crowded the office of the company at Denver from the time it was opened. On 28th the office was besieged by anxious people waiting their turn to enroll themselves upon the company's book and learn every possible detail of the country.

During the day the private colony of railroad employees, numbering over 50, appeared at the office and expressed their desire to join them. It is thought 750 people will leave with the first band on next Saturday night and more will follow as fast as they can make arrangements to leave.

Vessels Don't Generally go to Sea With Only One Sailor on Board.

The schooner Adventure left Seattle last March on a trading exposition to Alaska. She had not been heard from since September, when she sailed from Pt. Dick, Kent peninsula for Juneau. While tacking, the foreboom swung over and knocked overboard J. C. Reed, one of the owners, well-known in Seattle.

The others on board were not sailors, and knowing nothing about the management and seamanship could render him no assistance, and he was drowned.

The schooner then drifted around the ocean for two months, and finally drove ashore near Pt. Etches, Alaska. Indians went to the assistance of those on board, and she was gotten off shore, and sailed for Port Etches. The schooner at present lies there in charge of one of the crew.

Southern Development.

The Chattanooga, Tenn., *Tradesman* says that the first quarter of 1889 shows a continuance of the remarkable industrial development of the Southern states. During the quarter there have been a number of strong corporations organized in the South, resulting in the influx of millions of Northern capital. Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia seem to have received the most attention at the hands of Northern capitalists, although much outside money was invested in Kentucky and Virginia. A compilation made by the *Tradesman* from actual returns received yb it shows that 691 industries were established in the South during the past three months, against 625 new industries established during the same period of last year.

Collyer on Bright.

Rev. Robert Collyer, of New York, delivered a eulogy o' John Bright, Sunday. His life, he said, was devoted wholly to the elevation of mankind. He fought in his early years to improve the condition of the loom weavers, and afterward against the demon, drink. Then, with John Cobden and after years of fighting, he obtained a repeal of the obnoxious corn laws. His was a noble and faithful and gentle heart—an Englishman to the center. He could not be an insular Englishman who cares only for England, and believes only in that for which he cares. It was a great, and generous heart and wide, which is now laid low in the dust.

Thanks, Mr. Wanamaker.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Methodist Ministers' association, of Chicago, a resolution was adopted expressive of gratitude to Postmaster General Wanamaker for his speech in favor of prohibition, delivered in Philadelphia Saturday.

FIRE RECORD.

The More Notable Conflagrations Happening During the Week.

On March 26, in Brooklyn, N. Y., axle factory of F. W. Wurster and brass foundry of Dilimier & Staake, $125,000; in Keene, N. H., brick building of the Beaver mills, $50,000; in Lancaster, Pa., flour mill of A. G. Groff: $20,000.

On March 27, in Pittsburg, Pa., machine shops and foundry of McIntosh & Hemphill, $100,000; in Scranton, Pa., the Globe warehouse, $200,000.

On March 28, in Ashton, Ill., the business portion of the town, $60,000; in Jacksonville, Ill., livery stable of Thompson & Springer, $40,000; in Chicago, E. W. Blatchford's six-story building, $300,000.

Terrible prairie fires are reported from all parts of the country between Huron, Dakota, and Cavour on the east, and for several miles north of that place the country is almost burned over. Many farms have suffered the loss of houses, barns, hay and grass. South and southwest of Huron settlers have suffered equally as much. It was the most destructive fire in the county for five years, and it is feared the worst has not been learned.

THE DEATH ROLL.

The More Prominent of Those who Have Gone Over to the Majority.

On March 25, in New York city, Cornelius Matthews, poet, critic and playwright, aged 75; in New York city, Charles T. Livermore, broker, aged 69; in Beverley, Mass., Mary T. Webber, well-known in literary circles.

On March 28, in Albany, N. Y., ex-Mayor John Swinburne, aged 69; Prof. Francis Cornelius Donders, the famous Dutch oculist, is dead, aged 71; Baron Von Varn Buller, the German statesman, is dead, aged 80; Rt. Hon. Richard Grenville, Duke of Buckingham is dead, aged 66; Lord Fraser, judge of the Outer House of the Scotch court of Sessions, is dead; in Chelsea, ex-Alderman Joseph